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Great People of the Past

II





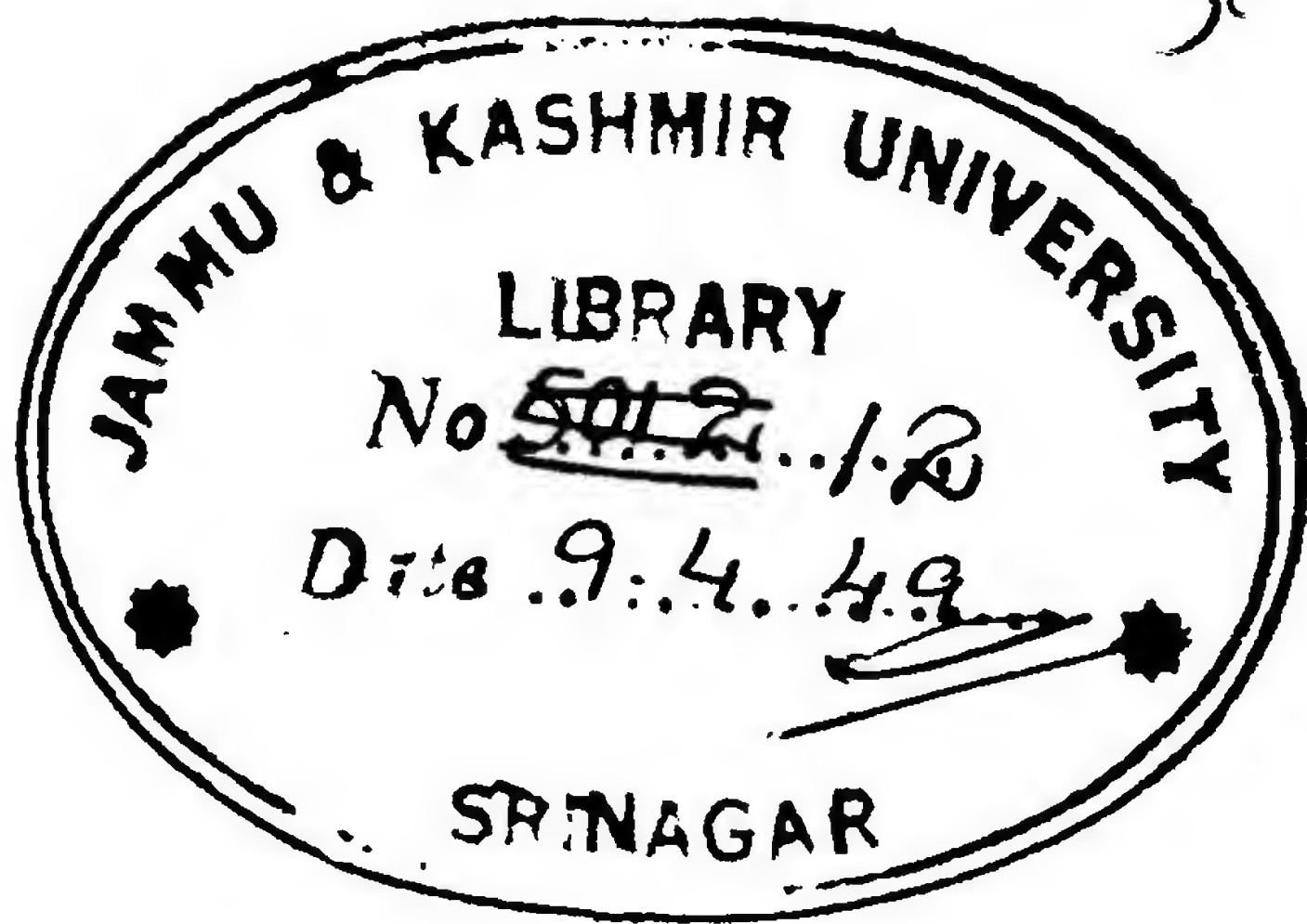
Great People of the Past

BY
RHODA POWER

Book II

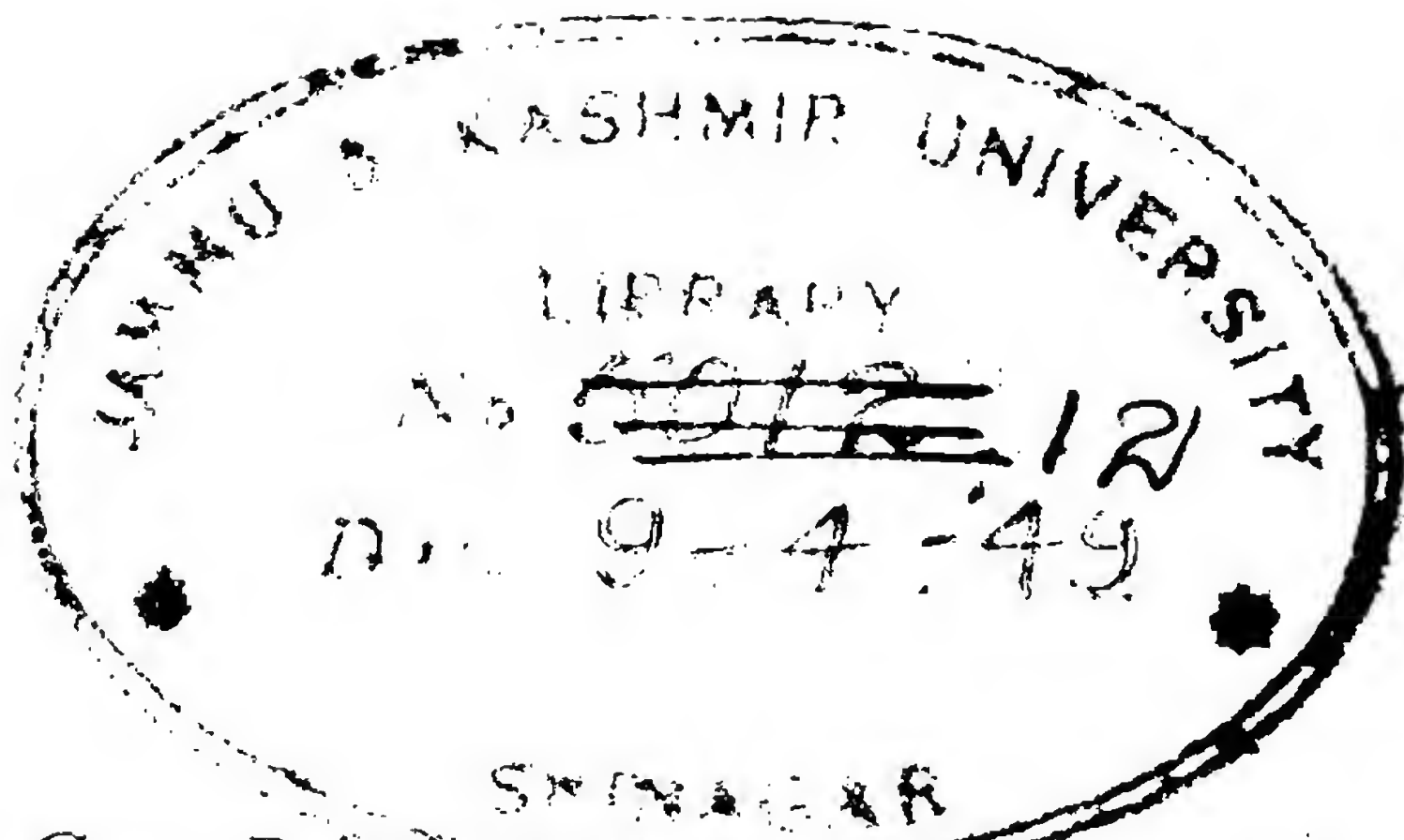
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PREFACE

THE stories in *Great People of the Past* have been written for children between the ages of eight and twelve. A few have already appeared in *Child Education* and *The School-Mistress*. They vary in difficulty, but have for the most part been graded so that Book I, which deals with characters living before the birth of Christ, is simpler than Book II, with the possible exception of "The City of the Horizon", which may need more help from the teacher than the other stories. Book III, which takes the pupil from the seventeenth to the twentieth century, is slightly more advanced than Book II.

Most small children have very little time-sense, and I have always found that numbers have hardly any meaning for them. I have therefore confined the dates to a note at the end of each chapter, so that the younger pupils will simply have their "Once-upon-a-time" story and the older ones an easy historical biography with plenty of anecdote.

A few exercises have been added in the form of questions for oral replies, and suggestions for written compositions.

R.D.P.

March 1932

Dedicated to

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~~the~~



CONTENTS

<i>Preface</i>	<i>page v</i>
I. The Prophet of Arabia	I
II. Charles the Great and Roland his Paladin	II
III. The Adventures of Eric the Red and his Sons	20
IV. The Crusaders and the Holy' City	32
V. The Little Brothers and Sister Poverty	42
VI. A Royal Saint	53
VII. The Page who became a Poet	63
VIII. The Maid of France	73
IX. The First Voyage round the World	83
X. The Miner's Son	93
XI. "But it <i>does</i> Move"	105

ILLUSTRATIONS

“Charlemagne, the Man of Iron”	page 12
<i>(Carnavalet Museum. Photo: Mansell)</i>	
The hull of a Viking ship found buried in the ground	21
<i>(Photo: O. Valring, Oslo.) Reproduced by permission from Erling Monsen’s translation of Heimskringla (Heffer)</i>	
Jerusalem, by Turner	33
Saint Francis and the Birds, by Giotto	43
<i>(By permission of the Medici Society)</i>	
Saint Louis at Prayer	54
<i>(From Wallon’s Saint Louis)</i>	
Chaucer at Court	64
<i>(By Ford Madox Brown. Tate Gallery)</i>	
Portrait of Chaucer	72
<i>(Brit. Mus. MS. Harl. 4866)</i>	
Joan of Arc, by Chapu	74
<i>(Photo: Alinari)</i>	
Luther before the Diet of Worms	100
The Leaning Tower of Pisa	107
<i>(Photo: Mansell)</i>	

MAP

Magellan’s Voyage round the World	84
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I

THE PROPHET OF ARABIA

FAR away, in the city of Mecca in Arabia, there is an old mosque or temple, called the Kaaba. In the eastern corner lies a large black stone. The Arabs say that thousands of years ago this stone fell from the skies; it was pure white, but because of the wickedness of the world it became black. The stone was sacred, and for many hundreds of years pilgrims used to come there and say their prayers to God, but after a time they forgot about God, and began to pray to the stars, and to strange idols, which they set up in the Kaaba.

One day, a little less than six hundred years after the birth of Jesus Christ in Bethlehem, an old bearded Arab was walking along the streets of Mecca. He carried his new-born grandson in his arms and he looked proudly at the small dark-eyed bundle, showing it to his friends and saying, "I am taking the child to the Kaaba to name him and to give thanks for his birth".

The name which was given to the baby was Mohammed, which means "the one who is praised".

When Mohammed was quite a tiny child, his father died and the little boy was sent into the

desert to be nursed by a shepherdess. He lived happily with the other children, and learnt to look after the goats and the sheep until he was brought back to Mecca at the age of five.

His next great adventure was to go with his mother to see her relations in a distant village. Little Mohammed rode a camel and had the greatest fun with his new relations, because they played games with him and taught him how to swim. He was rather sad when he had to leave them, but saying good-bye was only a small trouble compared with the grief which he suffered later, for on the way home Mohammed's mother died, and the little boy was an orphan.

He was poor, but much richer than many another orphan, for his father had left him a flock of goats, five camels, and a slave girl, and to Mohammed this seemed to be great wealth. Naturally, a small boy cannot live alone, or look after goats and camels by himself, so Mohammed went to stay with an uncle, and worked for his living as a shepherd.

For many years he lived happily, learning all sorts of things about camels and goats and sheep. He learned about trade, too, for his uncle used to take him on long journeys to distant cities. On the way, Mohammed would listen to stories round the camp fire, and in the towns he would

meet the merchants, and hear about the silks and spices which they were selling, and see all the wonderful goods in the market-places. By using his eyes and ears, he learned many useful things. He had a good character, too, and his friends trusted him, and called him "Al Amin", which means "the honourable one".

One day, when Mohammed was quite grown up, and anxious to do some more interesting work, a rich widow, whose name was Khadijah, sent for him, and asked him to take her camels and her merchandise to a distant city. Mohammed was delighted. Carrying food for the journey and a change of clothes, he set out along the dusty track. Khadijah eagerly awaited his return. One morning she was looking out of her window, and saw a little cloud of dust in the distance. As she was watching, she recognised her own camels, with a handsome young man hastening before them. The young man was Mohammed, who had come to tell her of his safe return. Khadijah often thought about Mohammed, and at last, although she was older than he was, she chose him as her husband, and for many years they lived happily together.

Life was very peaceful, and Mohammed grew rich, and was greatly loved by his neighbours, but, as the years passed, he had more time for thinking,

and his mind turned towards the Kaaba, the first place to which he had been taken when he was a tiny baby. He thought about the idols and the many gods which his own people were worshipping, and he thought, too, of a certain cave in the mountains, where he knew there were men who did not pray to the stars or to idols, but to one God, whom they said was the true and only God. This seemed good to Mohammed, yet the idea troubled him.

Now that he was rich he had time to travel and to talk with wise men. He sometimes visited the settlements of Jews and of Christians in his own country and in Syria. And it seemed to him that these people, who worshipped only one God, had a purer and more beautiful religion than his own people, who believed in magic and prayed to many different creatures.

Once, when he was lying half asleep, he closed his eyes, and he seemed to see a shining form with great white wings, holding in front of him a scroll. "Read", said the Angel, and Mohammed confessed that he could not read. Then the Angel read from the scroll, telling of the greatness of the one God, who had made the world.

Mohammed awoke. In his mind's eye he could still see the Angel, but he did not understand everything that had been told him.

For three years he was troubled. He used to go up into the mountains to think, and one day, while he was thinking deeply, the Angel seemed to come to him again, saying, "Mohammed, arise, preach, and praise God". Mohammed could doubt no more, and believed that the one God had sent him a divine message. He returned home and told his wife, and she was one of the first people to understand and to try to help him.

After this, Mohammed began to preach to his own people. His relations were greatly distressed when they saw what was happening. They would not believe what Mohammed told them; they were angry, and tried to hurt any of their friends or servants who wanted to follow him. But Mohammed still preached. Little by little, many of those who believed him had to flee from their own country, and those who remained were treated so harshly that at last they were afraid to appear in public. Before long, the chief men in the town drew up a set of rules called "the Ban"; this Ban said that Mohammed and his followers were no longer to count as citizens. No one was to speak to them, and they were to lose all the rights of ordinary people. Their lives were in such danger that at last they fled to an old stronghold belonging to Mohammed's uncle. For three years they lived there, hungry and de-

sented, scarcely daring to go into the town for food.

At last a day came when Mohammed heard that insects had eaten away a large part of the Ban. Thinking that this was a sign from God, he sent one of his friends into the city to ask permission to return, since the rules had been destroyed. When the people went to look at the Ban, they found that Mohammed had spoken the truth, and they were so much amazed that they allowed him and his friends to come back to Mecca.

Nevertheless, life was now just as difficult for Mohammed. Khadijah died, and the people of the town were so unkind to him that, at last, he was obliged to flee. A story tells us that one day, when he was hiding in a cave, afraid lest his enemies should find him, he fell asleep. As he slept, a spider spun a web over the mouth of the cave. Mohammed's enemies passed. "He cannot be in there—look at the spider's web," they said, "he would have broken it, if he had gone in." Another story tells us that when Mohammed was overcome with weariness, and could go no farther, he lay down to rest, and, just before his enemies arrived, an acacia tree grew up from the ground, and some wild pigeons settled on its branches. Mohammed hid in the tree. "He cannot be there," said the

men who were searching for him, "look at the pigeons on the branches. If he were there, he would have frightened them away." And they went back, saying that they could not find Mohammed.

On and on went the weary traveller, mounted on a camel, which he called El Kaswa (the crop-eared). The poor beast was nearly as exhausted as its rider, yet it jogged patiently on. Mohammed was almost too tired to urge it forward, but he knew that friends awaited him in Medina and so he sat with half-closed eyes while the patient creature struggled across the sand.

At last, after many days, he saw the white houses and the palm trees of the city. A little crowd came to meet him. When they recognised poor, dusty El Kaswa and its travel-stained burden, they rushed at the great beast and seized its bridle, forcing it to kneel while Mohammed dismounted. "Come to my house", cried one. "No, come to mine", and then another, "Come to mine". "No, come to our house", cried others, and everyone was so eager to help Mohammed that at last he said, "El Kaswa shall decide". The camel seemed to understand. It rose, looked around, and, going to an open space of rough grass, it knelt down. When Mohammed saw this, he bought that piece of ground, and afterwards built

there a mosque, or temple, where the people of Medina and his followers might pray.

Mohammed, like the other friends who had escaped before him, now lived in great poverty, but he had many people to look after him, for, like most men of the East, he had now more than one wife. All these women did their best to make his life easy, but he loved none of them so well as a beautiful young woman called Ayesha. She was his favourite wife, and it was she who comforted him when he was unhappy.

Time passed, and many more people began to listen to and follow Mohammed. As their strength increased, they grew more warlike. They fought against the people who oppressed them, sometimes winning, sometimes losing, but nearly always increasing their numbers. At first they fought for their very existence, but, after a time, they grew so strong that they made war against people who did not agree with them and whom they called "Unbelievers". Waving their curved swords they dashed into battle, crying, "There is one God and Mohammed is his prophet".

In one great battle they seized the city of Mecca, and destroyed the idols in the Kaaba. After that, Mecca became the city which Mohammed's friends held most sacred, and those who did not live there prayed with their faces turned towards it.

But Mohammed was now growing old. His hair was grey, his back was bent and his health was failing. One day he called Ayesha to his side, and said, "Give me the gold, which I asked you to keep for me". Ayesha fetched it, and Mohammed distributed it among the poor. That night he went to the mosque, said a few words to his friends, and came home, very weak and tired. He died in Ayesha's arms, and she whispered the prayer which she had often heard him murmur, "Take away evil and misfortune, O thou Lord of mankind".

When the people learned that their leader was dead, they would not believe it, and they crowded around his best friend, crying, "What has happened? Where is he? We will not believe that he is dead". Then Mohammed's friend, who had been with him in all his trouble, and had believed in him from the very beginning, answered, "Go back to your homes, my brothers, Mohammed is dead, but the God of Mohammed lives, and can never die. There is no God but the one God and Mohammed is his prophet."

To-day, the people who follow the faith of Mohammed are called Mohammedans, just as we, who try to obey the teachings of Jesus Christ, are called Christians. Mohammedans, like Christians, believe in one God, but they think it is

wrong to call Jesus Christ the Son of God, although they look upon Him as a good man and a prophet. They believe that Mohammed is the true messenger of God.

REMEMBER

1. Mohammed died six hundred and thirty-two years after the birth of Christ.

2. The flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina happened six hundred and twenty-two years after the birth of Christ and is called the Hegira. We count in years from the birth of Christ. Mohammedans count from the *Hegira*.

3. The sacred laws of Mohammed's religion and his sayings were written by his followers in a book called the *Koran*. The Koran is the Mohammedan Bible.

EXERCISES

1. Explain (*a*) the Kaaba, (*b*) the Koran.
2. Tell the story of Mohammed's childhood.

COMPOSITION

Write any story that you can remember about the Hegira.

II

CHARLES THE GREAT AND ROLAND HIS PALADIN

MORE than a thousand years ago, while Saxon kings were ruling England, a nation across the sea was becoming very powerful. The people of this race were called the Franks and the man who led them to victory was known as Charlemagne, or Charles the Great. By his conquests, Charles laid the foundations of what we call modern Europe.

He was a fine man, tall, and well-built, with flowing golden hair, a nose shaped like an eagle's beak and eyes which flashed like those of a lion when he was angry. He was so strong that with his fingers he could straighten four horseshoes locked together, fell a horse and its rider with a single blow, and lift an armed warrior to the level of his shoulder. An old poem tells us that he was "a man of iron. Iron his helmet, iron his arm-guards, iron his corslet on his breast and shoulders, ...iron the spirit, iron the hue of his war steed". When he was not fighting he loved to keep the customs of his race and to wear the Frankish dress with its linen tunic, cross-gartered leggings and a long rough mantle which reached



“CHARLEMAGNE, THE MAN OF IRON”

his ankles. "What are these rags?" he once asked his courtiers, scornfully touching their short cloaks. "Would they cover one in bed or shield one from the wind and the rain?"

Strong and fierce as he was Charles loved beauty and, although he dressed simply, gold work, jewels, finely woven material and embroidery interested him as much as poetry, music and the songs of the minstrels. He encouraged craftsmen and scholars of other nations to come to his kingdom and teach his people. Famous men of learning gathered about his court and he enjoyed talking to them, gaining much wisdom from their conversation, for he could not read and had never learned to write. A story tells us that he tried to teach himself to write, but although he managed to make figures, he never succeeded with letters. This troubled him and he was determined that his own children and the sons of his nobles should study while they were still young, so he compelled them to go to school and learn all the branches of knowledge which were taught in his time, declaring that he would never give a position of honour to an ignorant or a lazy man. "Good works", said he, "are better than knowledge, but without knowledge good works are impossible."

Charlemagne, the man of iron, was not content to rule over the same kingdom as his father, but,

like his father, he spent his time spreading the faith of Jesus among his own people and driving back the wandering heathen tribes. He wanted power so that he could bring Christianity to many other lands, and, although Jesus taught a gospel of peace, Charlemagne believed that he could spread this faith by means of the sword, and so he spent the greater part of his time fighting. He crossed the Rhine and gained power over much of the land which we now call Germany. He added Northern Italy to his kingdom and, when Spain begged him to help her against her foes, the Mohammedan Moors, who had come from the East, he crossed the Pyrenees, and after hard fighting conquered a strip of the country as far as the sea.

Among his soldiers, he had a group of famous knights called Paladins. His favourites were two young men, inseparable friends, whose names were Oliver and Roland. Roland was Charlemagne's nephew, and poets of his day tell us that he had given the youth a hunting-horn and had promised to come to his aid if he were in trouble and would blow upon this horn. An old poem tells us how, after many deeds of glory in the land of Spain, Charlemagne was forced to turn back towards the French mountains. He left Roland and Oliver in charge of the rear-guard some dis-

tance behind, and the two paladins led their men through the long rocky Pass of Roncesvalles. As they climbed a mountain-ridge, they heard, from the valley below, the murmur of many voices. They mounted a rock and peered over the edge. The valley bristled with spears. A great pagan host was preparing for battle. Roland recognised the Moorish banners.

“What shall we do?” asked Oliver.

Roland caressed his sword which he had named “Durendal” (the lasting). “We will rest,” he answered, “and then we will do our duty.”

“Nay, Roland,” said his friend, “we have but few soldiers and the enemy has many. Sound your horn, sweet friend, and call the king.”

But Roland jumped up proudly. “God forbid that I should sound my horn and lose my good name”, he answered. He called his men and they charged down the mountain-side following his banner. From behind the rocks sprang hundreds of armed warriors, but Durendal did its work, and the foe fell back, dismayed by the prowess of the Franks. But the paladins were still in danger. Before they had time to rest, thirty thousand Moors dashed from the valley to help their comrades.

For hours the Franks fought. Man after man fell wounded but Roland’s snow-white banner still floated aloft, Oliver fell dead but hither and

thither Durendal swept, protecting Roland and bringing destruction wherever it went. But Charlemagne's nephew was sorely pressed. Behind him lay the bodies of his faithful followers. Only a few remained. Their faces were pale and their arms were growing weary. "Roland, Roland, blow thy horn", whispered the warrior who was nearest.

Roland raised the horn to his lips and blew a blast which echoed through the valley and was borne on the breeze to Charlemagne. The king was in camp, eight miles away. "Hark," he cried, with his fingers to his lips, "I hear the horn of Roland." But the courtiers, jealous of the young paladin who was their sovereign's favourite, laughed. "Nay, Sire, it is nothing but the wind a-moaning." Charlemagne stirred uneasily but the traitorous courtiers talked and laughed with him, distracting his attention, until, an hour or so later, he heard a louder and a longer blast. He leaped to his feet. "It is, it is the horn of Roland", he cried, and seized his sword. But once again the courtiers soothed him. "Sire, it is nothing. Our men fight no battle to-day. 'Tis Roland hunting in the woods."

Time passed, and suddenly, into Charlemagne's camp, came a messenger, breathless and faint with fatigue. He brought news of a terrible battle, and,

as he spoke, the faint sound of Roland's horn came like a last cry for help. Tears sprang into Charlemagne's eyes. "Ah, Roland, my brave paladin. I have delayed too long", he cried, and, calling his men to arms, he rode and rode until he reached the Pass of Roncesvalles and found his paladins.

Roland lay with his face towards Spain and his arms out-spread in the form of a cross. His horn was near one hand and Durendal, broken in two, at his side. All around him lay the bodies of his friends and of his enemies. Charlemagne knelt down and kissed him, weeping. "Oh, honour of the Franks,...why did I leave thee to perish? How can I behold thee dead and not die with thee?"

The poets who wrote this story of Roland, tell us that the very sun stood still to watch the king's vengeance on the Moors and their allies for their slaughter of the Christians at Roncesvalles.

Charlemagne became such a hero in the eyes of his people that many a legend grew round his name, and it was sometimes difficult for those who came after him to know what was true and what was only a poet's dream. Although the song of Roland is not historical in all its details, it is a beautiful poem which contains much that is true.

The king loved his paladin dearly and grieved at the loss of the brave life, but he could not have Roland back again, and so, sore at heart, he returned to his work. His great ambition was to join all the conquered countries, all the heathen tribes which warred upon one another, into a great Christian empire, in which the power and learning of ancient Rome would be revived.

Fourteen years before he died his dream almost came true. He had helped the Pope of Rome against his enemies, and the grateful Pope wanted to reward him and to show the world that Charlemagne was his champion. On Christmas Day, A.D. 800, Charlemagne was kneeling with his two sons in the Church of St Peter at Rome. A thousand candles glimmered in the church. At the close of the service, the Pope came towards the kneeling king, and, before Charlemagne knew what was happening, placed a golden crown on his head. Immediately the congregation shouted, with one voice, the old words with which the Roman emperors had once been greeted. "To Charles the Augustus, crowned of God, the great and peaceful Emperor, long life and victory."

In this way, the old Roman Empire of the West, which had fallen more than three centuries before, was restored, as nearly as possible, by Charlemagne the Frank.

REMEMBER

1. Charlemagne was king of the Franks while Saxon kings ruled in England.
2. He was made Emperor of the West in A.D. 800.
3. The Moors were Mohammedans.

EXERCISES

1. What do you know about the character of Charles the Great?
2. Make up a conversation between Roland and Oliver before the Battle of Roncesvalles.

COMPOSITION

Write a story called "The Horn of Roland".

III

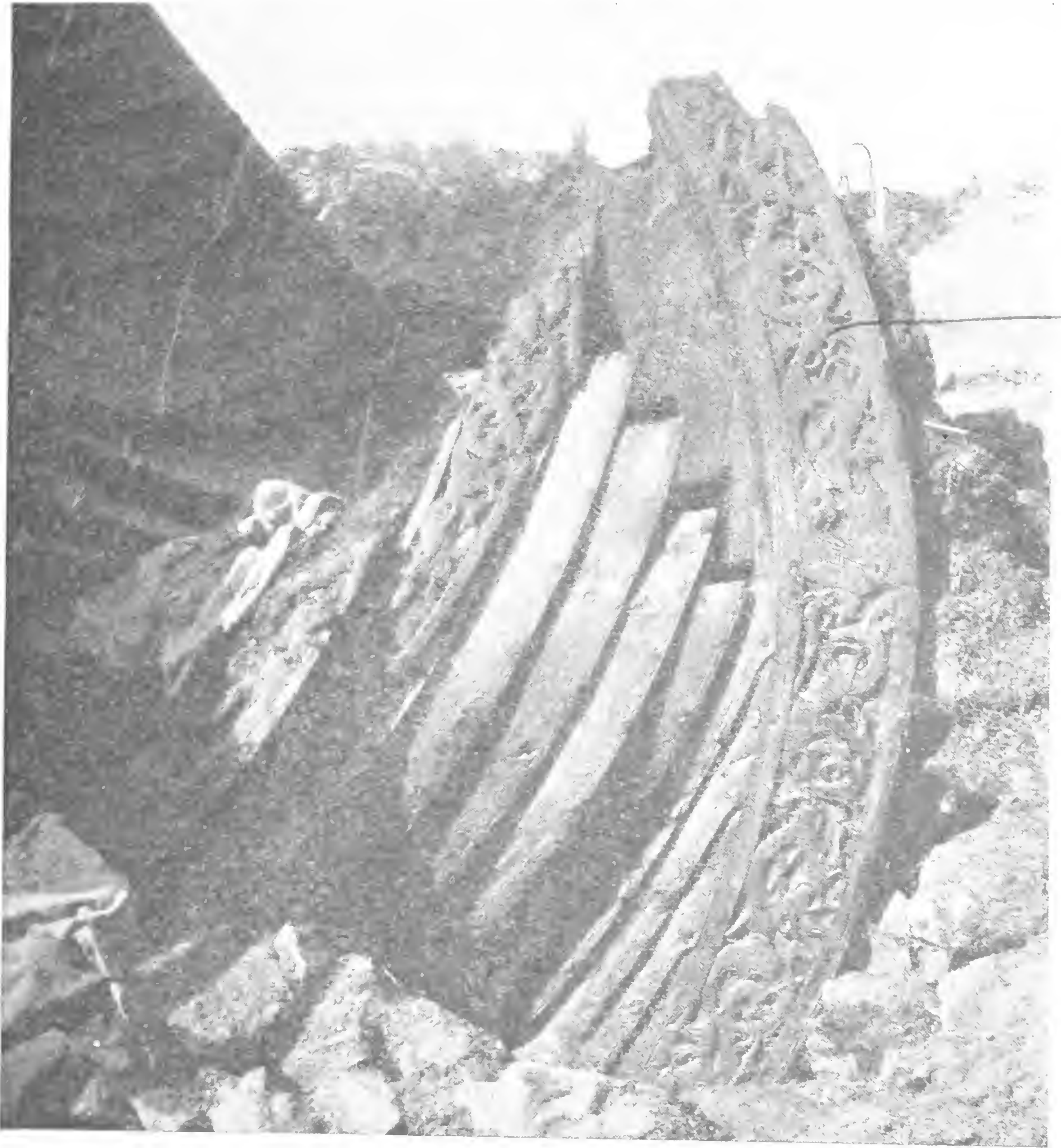
THE ADVENTURES OF ERIC THE RED AND HIS SONS

ONCE upon a time, there was a Viking called Eric who lived in Iceland. His cheeks were so ruddy and the hair on his head and chin so thick and tawny that men called him Eric the Red. He was a brave man, as happy on sea as on land, but he was proud and quarrelsome, and for this reason he had many enemies.

Eric was married. He had a young son whose name was Leif, two little boys called Thorwald and Thorstein, and a beautiful fair-haired daughter called Freydis. He loved his children dearly and, although the two younger ones and their sister were not old enough to go sea-roving, he taught them how to fish and swim and how to ride the sturdy Icelandic ponies up the rough mountain-tracks and across the sandy beach. When Leif, the eldest son, could ride, fish and swim as skilfully as a grown man, his father taught him how to hoist a sail and pull an oar. Before very long the boy had learned how to manage a ship, and then Eric the Red took him sea-roving. Sometimes they went for the joy of battling with wind and waves, but more often for the sake of

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اگر تیرہی جنود بخانی نہ ہوئی خدا کی قسم یہ خدا کی سزائی



The hull of a Viking ship found buried in the ground

The ships were clinker-built, caulked with hair and fastened with iron. They were shallow-bottomed, so that they could be beached easily or used in shallow water.

اگر آنکھ نہ ہوئی خدا کی قسم یہ خدا کی سزائی

Continued from page 1

robbing the strangers whom they met upon the high seas or of landing upon foreign coasts to seek for treasure. Leif thought that there could be nothing better than a life which was spent swimming and fishing in the creeks, or helping to build ships, then sailing away for many a month in search of adventure.

For several years he lived like this, then something happened which gave him and his brothers the greatest adventure of their lives. Eric the Red had a quarrel with his neighbour and, in the heat of his anger, killed him. Because of this, Eric was driven away from Iceland and he became a wanderer.

Eric the Red loved a wandering life, but he did not want to leave his daughter and his sons for ever, and so, when the people of Iceland gave him permission, he returned to his old home where Freydis prepared him a feast, and Leif, Thorwald and Thorstein sat on wooden benches covered with fur robes and listened to the story of his adventures. Friends drank his health in drinking-horns bound with silver, and far into the night they sat round the fire while he sang songs and told tales. They were glad that he had come home and they hoped that once again he would be the life and soul of their feasts, their ship-building and their sea-roving.

But although Eric had had much time to think and be sorry for what he had done, he was still proud and quick-tempered. He had only been back for a few days when, once again, he quarrelled with a neighbour. This quarrel was so bitter that the people of Iceland took sides. Some fought for Eric and some for his neighbour, and there was so little peace in the land that Eric, the cause of the trouble, was sent away and forbidden to return.

At night, he and his family stole down to the shore. In a creek behind some rocks lay a beautiful ship. It looked like a great sea-monster for the body was painted black and the golden head of a dragon was carved at the prow. Wrapped in a cloak of home-spun wool, Freydis lay down in the stern by the kegs of mead and the vats of goats' cheese and biscuits, which were their only provisions. Thorwald and Thorstein, who were not old enough to wear armour, sat beside her while Leif hung his shining shield at the edge of the ship and sat on the benches among the oarsmen. Then came Eric with some of his faithful friends. He leaped into the ship and stood on the raised deck at the prow, shouting, "Farewell! I go to find a new home". With the striped sail still furled, his men pushed off, and, singing a wild northern song, they dipped their oars into the water,

carrying Eric the Red and his family into the darkness.

The wind sprang up. They hoisted their sail and sped westward over the water. At dawn they saw nothing but the grey sky above and the grey sea all round. Eric the Red shaded his eyes and gazed north, south, east and west. There was no sign of land or life. Even the sea-birds had ceased to follow the ship. Yet Eric was full of courage. He was a hardy Viking who loved the sea and, besides, he felt almost certain that if he could sail far enough he would one day find a new home where he could live in peace with his family. Round his own hearth in Iceland, bold sea-rovers had told tales of a shadowy coast which they had sometimes seen in the distance but never reached. He spoke to Thorwald and Thorstein about it but they shrugged their shoulders. "Perhaps it was a cloud", they said. Eric shook his head. "If land there be, I shall find it", he said.

The great red Viking was right. One morning, as he was standing at the prow of his dragon ship, he saw a faint blue shadow in the distance. As he drew nearer the blue line became uneven and Eric saw the far-off peaks of mountains and a jagged coast. Thorwald and Thorstein leaned over the ship's side shouting, "The unknown land", and all the oarsmen raised a ringing cheer.

In spite of the snow-capped mountains and the rocky beach, Eric and his sons were undaunted. They guided their ship into a little cove, landed and set about choosing a site for their new home.

Life now became very busy, for the Vikings had to hunt and fish for food, cut down trees and build themselves a house. Day after day they worked hard, clearing the ground, building houses and sheds and exploring the neighbourhood. This kept them busy for nearly three years and at last, when he had discovered what the country was like, Eric went back to Iceland to see his friends. As he had been told never again to return he could not stay for long, but he lived in hiding for a whole summer, and he persuaded many of his friends to join him in the land which he had discovered. "What is the name of your new country, Eric?" asked the Icelanders. "I call it Greenland", said Eric, thinking that, if he gave it a pleasant name, many people would want to live there. When he said this, his friends nodded their heads and whispered together, and, when Eric was going back to Greenland, some of them put to sea in their dragon ships and followed him, so that before long there were many Viking homes scattered along the coast of the new country.

Eric's sons were happy in their new home. Leif

was now as brave and strong a man as his father had been, while Thorwald and Thorstein had grown into tall youths who married the daughters of their neighbours and built themselves homes on the coast of Greenland. But although they were happy, the young men were restless and still longing for adventure. One day a friend was talking to Leif and he said, "When I was sailing to Greenland, I lost my way and I found another country farther west". Immediately Leif was filled with the greatest excitement. He persuaded his friend to sell him a ship, and, choosing a crew of thirty-five strong men, he set sail while Eric the Red, who was growing old, watched him with wistful eyes, and his two brothers raised their spears above their heads and shouted, "Good luck to you, Leif!"

After this, people called the young man "Leif the Lucky", for, when he returned after many months, he brought back a cargo of wood and grapes. The people sucked the juice of the grapes and their eyes began to shine. "Oh, Leif," they cried, "where did you get this delicious fruit?" "I sailed to the west," answered Leif, "to the west and to the south. I have found that beyond Greenland there lies another country. Some parts of it are flat and rocky, but in others there are beautiful forests and green fields. Because of the

grapes which we have found, I shall call that country 'Wineland the Good'."

Then all the people began to talk of Wineland the Good and scarcely an evening passed without some young man tapping at Leif's door, taking his place at the fireside and asking for the story of his adventures. Among the most eager of his listeners was his brother Thorwald. Every night Thorwald came to Leif's house, asking question after question. At last he could contain himself no longer. "Lend me your ship, Leif!" he begged, "for I, too, would seek for Wineland the Good."

Then Thorwald chose some brave companions and, bidding his young wife good-bye, he put to sea. Before very long he reached the unknown country and found the old camp in which his brother Leif had spent the winter. For many weeks he stayed there, and, when the sun and the budding trees showed that spring was near, he began to explore. He steered his black ship among the bays and headlands and everywhere he found beautiful woods and fresh green grass but never a man, woman or child.

As time passed they all began to think that nobody lived in Wineland the Good and they made up their minds to build themselves houses and take this new country as their home. The idea pleased

them and they wandered about looking for the best place, when they saw nine lumps in the sand by the sea-shore. They went nearer. Suddenly, there was a wild cry and from behind the lumps in the sand sprang a number of men, dressed in the skins of animals. They had long black hair and sunburned faces and they had bows and arrows in their hands. With a shout Thorwald and his friends sprang upon them, killing all but one who escaped across the water in a small canoe.

After this fight, the Vikings were tired. They returned to their camp and lay down to rest with their spears and shields at their sides. They slept so heavily that they were only awakened by shouts and yells from the sea-shore. Dazed, they leapt to their feet and ran towards the water. Round a bend in the coast came canoe after canoe, and each was filled with long-haired men with flat sunburned faces and small angry eyes. They shot their arrows at the Vikings who fought bravely and managed to beat them off, but in the struggle poor Thorwald was wounded, and, when his friends went to pick him up, they found that he was dead. They buried him on a green headland, where he had wanted to build a house, and, filling their ship with grapes and wood, they sailed back to Greenland.

Their news brought sorrow to Leif the Lucky

and Eric the Red, and for many years no one wanted to return to Wineland the Good. People still spoke of it but no one went there until a young Viking trader, coming from Norway, landed at Greenland and heard the story of Leif the Lucky and Thorwald, his brother. This man's name was Karlsefni. He learned to love and admire Eric the Red and his sons. One day he married Eric's daughter and so became one of the family.

Karlsefni liked Greenland but his mind was full of dreams, and the dreams were all about Wineland the Good. He talked of it so often that at last Leif said to him, "Sail away, Karlsefni, and find it for yourself".

So Karlsefni, too, went to Wineland the Good. He took cattle in his ships and long strips of scarlet cloth. "If I meet those wild men, I shall sell them my cloth," said he, "then I think they will let me stay."

Away he went with his wife Freydis, many friends and several ships. He found the country pleasant and fruitful. There were animals in the woods and fish in the brooks. The plains were full of corn and the hills covered with vines. Karlsefni was so happy that he built a house and a shed for his cattle and lived for many months in the new country. Sometimes he met the little wild men in their canoes but he treated them

kindly and gave them his scarlet cloth so that they grew to like him, and often came to visit him in a friendly way.

Karlsefni and his friends thought that they were going to have a happy home in Wineland the Good, when a sad thing happened. One day some of the long-haired men came in their canoes to ask for some more red cloth. As they were climbing the hill, one of Karlsefni's bulls rushed towards them bellowing. Crying, "The monster! The monster will kill us", they sped to the sea and, when they came back next day, they came to fight.

The battle was so long and fierce and the strangers so much stronger than the Vikings that Karlsefni and his friends began to flee towards their homes. Freydis was at her door. Seeing the plight of her own people, she cried, "Why are such fine men running away? Give me a weapon". She seized a sword and ran down the hill and the wild dark men, seeing a fair woman with streaming hair, cried, "A witch! A witch!" fled to their canoes and paddled away until they were out of sight.

But Karlsefni had lost many friends. He knew that Wineland the Good would no longer be safe. Sorrowfully, he sailed back to Greenland and, after that, the Vikings never again went to the new country. They sang about it in their songs and they told of it in their stories. New genera-

tions grew up, and, little by little, they began to look upon it as a fairyland, which had never really existed.

Have you guessed the name by which we call that fairyland to-day? It is America.

The Vikings lost Wineland the Good, but, four hundred and ninety years after Leif the Lucky, Thorwald and Karlsefni had made their wonderful journeys, it was found again by two Italian sailors. Their names were Christopher Columbus and John Cabot.

REMEMBER

1. The Danes and Vikings were of the same race as the Normans.

2. Leif the Lucky discovered Wineland the Good in 1002 while Ethelred the Unready was fighting against the Danes in the east of England, four hundred and ninety years before Columbus sailed across the Atlantic.

EXERCISES

1. Describe a Viking ship.

2. Who were the first people to discover a part of America and what did they call it?

3. What do you know about (a) Greenland, (b) Karlsefni?

COMPOSITION

Pretend to be Eric the Red and describe how you found Greenland.

IV

THE CRUSADERS AND THE HOLY CITY

FAR away in the East lies the little country of Palestine, with the blue waves of the Mediterranean washing against its shore. In the early spring, when the rain has made the earth soft and green, white cyclamens peep out of the rocks and all the hills are bright with red anemones. Fig and olive trees grow on the hill-sides and in the valleys, but when the scorching summer sun beats down upon the ground the earth is parched, the flowers die, and the long stretches of brown land look like a desert.

Long ago, in spring and summer, autumn and winter, Jesus Christ wandered among those hills and valleys preaching the gospel of love. Here He talked to the twelve apostles, and here, outside the city of Jerusalem, He was nailed to a cross and died. As the years passed, more and more people loved to hear the story of Jesus and to learn the lessons which He had taught. And because His tomb was in Jerusalem, they called it the Holy City, and every year Christians from many different lands came there to pray. These people were called pilgrims. Sometimes they journeyed

~~Photograph~~ in memory of ~~the~~ ~~city~~ ~~of~~ ~~Jerusalem~~



JERUSALEM

عشق نے زلیخا کی
وہ نہ آدمی کہ کچھ نہ ہو

~~Handwritten signature or scribble~~

to the Holy City because they thought that the sight of the hills where Christ had walked would bring them peace; sometimes they had sinned and wished to ask forgiveness; and sometimes they were cripples who wanted to pray for health in the places where Jesus had healed the sick. Those who were sad sought for comfort, and those who were happy longed to thank God for His blessings. Many were so poor that they came bare-footed, with nothing but a staff to help them over the stones; but they did not mind the rough roads nor the hot sun, for they knew that when they reached their journey's end they would be able to say a prayer in the Holy City.

Hundreds of years passed, and still the pilgrims went to Jerusalem. Then a terrible thing happened. The holy places where Christ and His disciples had lived, the Holy City with the tomb of Our Lord, fell into the hands of the Turks. The Turks, who were Mohammedans, seized the pilgrims who wanted to worship in Jerusalem and made them pay large sums of money. If they could not pay, they beat them and flung them into prison.

When the Christian people in other parts of the world heard what had happened, they were very much troubled. The Holy Land was as dear to them as their own countries, and they longed to deliver the Holy City and to help the poor

pilgrims. Then rich and poor, young and old went across the sea to make war against the Turks in Palestine. Because Jesus Christ had died on the cross, they called themselves Crusaders and their war a Crusade, which means a War of the Cross. They stitched a red cross on their cloaks and painted one on their shields, so that all men might know who they were. They fought long and bravely, and at last they drove the Turks away. Then they made themselves a Christian Kingdom in the Holy Land, and once again the pilgrims were allowed to come and go in peace.

For a hundred years the pilgrims were happy; then a day came when they returned to their homes, weeping bitterly. "Alas!" they cried, "Jerusalem is lost." And, when people questioned them, they told how the Turks had returned under a great warrior called Saladin, who had seized the Holy City and was marching onward, driving the Christians before him.

The news travelled far and wide. Men heard it in Greece and Italy and wrung their hands. They heard it in England, France, and Austria, and they were miserable and bitterly ashamed. "Who will follow the Crusade?" they cried. And again young and old, rich and poor, men, women, and even children gave up all that they had and joined the Crusaders. Peasants, beggars, nobles,

and kings fastened the red cross to their cloaks and sailed away to Palestine.

Now at this time the King of England was a tall, blue-eyed young man whose name was Richard. He was so brave that people called him the Lion Heart. He too was determined to fight in the Crusade, and he spent a busy time collecting money and making preparations; and when at last he had gathered together a vast army and a fleet of ships, he was ready to start.

Very reverently he and his Crusaders went to church. In long, close lines, one behind the other, they knelt in prayer with their heads bent and their helmets in their hands. Slanting rays of sunshine stole through the narrow windows and made the jewels in the archbishop's mitre sparkle as he stooped towards the kneeling king and gave him the staff and bag of a pilgrim. Then the clear voice of a chorister chanted a psalm, and Richard the Lion Heart left the church.

His ships lay in the harbour. Strange ships they would seem to our eyes, but Richard thought that they were the finest that had ever sailed the sea. They were made of wood, and they had square sails and little fluttering pennons. The big ones had as many as thirteen anchors and thirty oars, and besides taking soldiers they carried food, such as cheese and biscuits and salted meat.

On some there were war-horses and fodder to feed them, and all carried tents and tools and weapons.

Away sailed the Lion Heart over the wide, blue sea, eager to sight the coast of Palestine, longing to deliver the Holy City. The journey was a slow and weary one, for the winds and waves tossed the little ships hither and thither, and many months passed before the Crusaders saw the coast. Slowly they drew nearer, until, shading their eyes from the sun, they saw a city with the sea washing against its walls, and a great mountain behind it, where the white tents of the Turks looked like patches of snow.

It was the city of Acre, and when Richard drew near he saw that the King of France and other Crusaders were encamped along the shore and were trying to capture it. For weeks they had been fighting, but the Turks were too strong for them, and now the Lion Heart had come to help them. Day after day the Crusaders tried to climb over the walls and into the city, but the Turks threw blazing torches at them. They tried to dig holes under the walls, but the stones were too strong. They pushed up a great wooden tower, which had platforms to stand upon and slits through which to shoot arrows, but the Turks slung heavy rocks at it. For five weeks they fought,

and then, after great suffering, they broke through the walls of the city and captured it.

They were weary with fighting and many of them were badly wounded, but their one thought was of Jerusalem and the tomb of Jesus, and they turned their backs on Acre and marched towards the Holy City.

It was many miles away, and before they could reach it the Crusaders had to trudge for a long distance along the coast. Above them the Turks were encamped on the mountain and, as the Crusaders passed, a shower of poisoned arrows poured down upon them. But they marched on. The burning sun beat upon their heads, and there were scarcely any trees to shade them. Over the scorching sand they rode and marched, and their armour was so heavy that if a man fell from his horse he would have been stifled unless a comrade had been near to raise him. Men died of fevers and untended wounds. Horses fell exhausted. But still the Lion Heart pressed on, encouraging all his men and fighting so bravely that the Turks were almost afraid of him. His fame spread so far that even the Turkish mothers used to shake their babies when they were naughty and say, "Hush, hush, or King Richard will come after you!"

Day after day the tired Crusaders struggled

through the desert and up the hills. Their heads and their wounds ached. At night they dared not sleep, for the Turks came creeping into their tents. Poisonous insects bit them. Their weapons were rusty and their clothes torn, but still they pressed on. The thought of the Holy City gave them strength.

At last they knew that they must be very near. Their hearts began to glow with fresh courage. The weather was cooler and it was easier to march, and they said to one another, "Soon we shall deliver the city, and the pilgrims will once again worship in peace". Then, when everyone was beginning to take heart again, spies, who had been sent ahead, returned with terrible news. There was no water. The Turks had filled all the wells with rubbish, so that the Crusaders and their horses should die of thirst.

Faint and weary, they still struggled along. Then the weather changed. The horses began to perish of cold. The stores were spoiled and the tents torn up by the wind. King Richard had bad news from England, and his heart sank. He was only twelve miles from the Holy City. Must he turn back? He looked at his weary, thirsty men and knew that they would never be strong enough to fight a long battle, and with a sigh he made up his mind to go home.

Legend tells us that one day he climbed the crest of a little hill, and one of his knights touched him gently on the elbow. He looked round. Behind him came a cry, "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" He turned and saw his Crusaders stretching out their arms. Some had fallen upon their knees, some were running forward, for there in the distance lay the Holy City. The flat, white roofs of the houses shone like marble. The round domes and slender minarets stood out against the sky. But behind those walls the hidden Turks were arming. The valleys were filled with soldiers and the hills dotted with tents.

With a snap Richard broke the switch which he held in his hand. He cast his cloak over his head. "O Lord God," he prayed, "suffer not mine eyes to behold Thy Holy City, since Thou wilt not suffer me to deliver it out of the hands of Thine enemies." Then he turned his back on Jerusalem and walked away. The Lion Heart was weeping.

Sadly he marched back, along the roads which he had come to know so well, past the wells where he could get no water, over the barren hills and through the sandy valleys, until at last he put to sea.

The Lion Heart never returned to the Holy Land, but he made a truce with Saladin, who pro-

mised that he would allow the Christian pilgrims to worship in peace at the tomb of Jesus. But although this made many people happy, Richard could never forget that he had been within sight of the Holy City and had not been able to deliver it.

REMEMBER

1. Richard the Lion Heart came to the throne in 1189 and died in 1199.
2. There were seven Crusades, which lasted altogether about two hundred years.
3. After the First Crusade (1096) a Christian Kingdom was formed in Palestine.
4. The Third Crusade (1189-92), in which Richard the Lion Heart and other kings fought against Saladin, failed partly because the leaders quarrelled among themselves.
5. The Crusades were important because they brought the people of the West into touch with the East, and taught them many things about building, medicine, and mathematics. They helped to increase trade, because the people of Europe learned to like Eastern silks and jewels, spices, currants, and scents. The Moham-
medan Moors of Spain had a similar influence.

EXERCISES

1. Explain why the Crusades were important.
2. Tell how Richard the Lion Heart set out on a Crusade.

COMPOSITION

Write an account of the Siege of Acre.

V

THE LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTER POVERTY

ONCE upon a time there was a rich Italian merchant who lived in the town of Assisi. He had a son called Francis, and he was so rich that he could give the boy whatever he wanted. In the summer Francis wore clothes made of soft, fine silk, embroidered in gold and silver, and in winter he had velvet coats lined with fur. If he asked for jewels, his father bought them for him, and, if he wanted wine to drink and sweet cakes to eat, a servant brought him a tray piled high with every sort of delicacy. He had horses to ride and money to spend, and he led a gay, happy life, hunting, dancing, and singing to his heart's content.

One night, when Francis was lying in bed under a silken canopy, his head began to ache and his body to burn with fever. The next day he was very ill, and for a long while he lay on his couch suffering great pain. The best doctors came to see him and he was tenderly nursed, so that after a time he began to get better. While he was still too weak to leave his bed, Francis began to compare his own gay, free life with the lives of all the poor and the sick who lived in Assisi; and he



ST FRANCIS AND THE BIRDS

the place of
Hooting

thought to himself, "It is wrong of me to waste my youth and my strength seeking pleasure. I must try to help all the people who are as ill as I have been, yet have no one to care for them. The money which I spend on my pleasures would clothe the poor and feed the beggars. I must give them, therefore, as much as I can".

When he was well enough to go out of doors, Francis sold his jewels and his fine clothes, and gave the money to any poor priest who wanted to repair his church or to the beggars whom he met at the road-side.

When his father saw that his son was living like a beggar, he was very angry. He seized Francis and shut him up in prison, thinking, "When I set him free he will come back and live in this fine house. He will be tired of suffering, and he will be afraid to disobey me". But Francis was neither tired nor afraid. When he came out of prison he went back to the poor. He even went and lived with the lepers, people who had such a terrible illness that everyone feared to touch them.

One day Francis sold a piece of cloth from his father's warehouse and gave the money to a poor

priest who was repairing a shrine. His father was angry and took Francis before the judge.

“Francis”, said the judge, “you wish to help God by repairing this shrine, but God cannot accept from you something which is not yours. You have no right to your father’s money.”

Francis bowed. “I understand, my lord,” he answered, “All that I have belongs to my father. I will give it back to him.” Then he took off his clothes and gave them back to his father and left the court, wearing only a hair shirt.

So Francis went away from his father’s grand house, and put on a coarse, brownish-grey coat, like those which only the poor country people wore, and he made friends with the sick and the needy, sitting up with them all night and washing their wounds. He remembered how Jesus had washed the feet of the poor and he wanted to be like Him.

Very soon all the friends who used to dance and hunt with him began to desert him. They thought he was a madman, and they pelted him with mud and stones. But Francis took no notice. He wandered about the country, caring for the sick, making friends with the poor, and teaching

everyone about the goodness of God. He had neither money nor food; but because he was always so kind and so cheerful people began to love him, and when they saw him coming along the road bare-footed and bare-headed, holding a little wooden bowl like the beggars, they came to meet him and gave him bread. Then Francis used to sing to them one of the old, happy songs that he had learned as a boy, and talk to them about the love of God. And the people used to look at him gently and say, "He is our brother, and a friend of all the world".

Francis *was* a friend of all the world; indeed, his heart was so full of love that he called everyone and everything his brother or his sister. The flowers which grew in the fields were his "little sisters", and the animals in the woods his "little brothers". In summer, when the weather was hot and Francis was parched with thirst, Brother Wind and Sister Water refreshed him. In winter, when snow lay on the ground, Brother Fire warmed his shivering body. At night Sister Moon gave him light, and in the morning when he awoke he used to sing, "Praised be Thou, Lord, with all Thy creatures, especially for my Brother Sun which gives us the day". In town and village, through the forest and in the highway, Francis was never alone, for he walked hand in hand with Sister Poverty.

He was so well loved that people wanted to be like him, and one day a rich nobleman called Bernard and a famous lawyer called Peter gave up all they had and followed Francis. "Let us be your brothers too", said they. Then Brother Bernard, Brother Peter, and Brother Francis built a hut out of branches and mud, and lived together, praying, preaching and doing good.

Not long afterwards, Francis was walking through the forest when he came to a little patch of bare ground, and there he saw a ploughboy kneeling at prayer. When he heard Francis coming, the ploughboy rose and said, "My name is Giles. Will you have me too?" And Francis took him by the hand and led him to the others.

They all sat under a tree, the wealthy merchant's son, the young nobleman, the famous lawyer, and the poor ploughboy, and each called the other "Brother". Then they made a solemn promise that they would belong to one brotherhood, following the teaching of Jesus and living like the twelve apostles. Little by little many people, some who had been rich and others who had always been poor, gave up everything and followed Francis and his three friends. Men called them the Franciscan friars, which means the Brothers of Francis. Bare-footed and dressed in the coarse, grey-brown robe, with a rope knotted

round their waists, they wandered into the dirtiest parts of the town, where people were suffering from fevers, and they nursed the sick. They never asked for payment, but they were content to live on what people were willing to give them. They were never weary of helping and serving, for they believed that "God is love", and this made them happy.

But Francis and his friars loved not only men and women; they loved the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. One day, when Francis was walking through the woods, he saw all sorts of birds gathered together, so he ran to the spot and greeted them. The birds were not afraid. They waited till he drew near, and those which were on the ground gazed upwards, and those which had perched on branches bowed their little heads and looked down at him. Then Francis preached them a sermon. He said, "My brothers the birds, you ought to praise God who has clothed you with feathers, granted you wings to fly, and given over to you the pure air". While he was speaking the little birds all began to stretch their necks and open their beaks and look intently at him. He walked among them and touched them, and not one of them moved away until he had blessed them all. Then they flew singing and twittering above the tops of the trees.

Another day, when Francis was walking in a market-place, he saw some white turtle-doves in wicker cages, waiting to be sold. He opened the cages and spread out his robe while the birds flew towards him and settled on his shoulders and in his habit. "Little sisters, turtle-doves," he whispered, "you are simple, innocent and pure. Why did you allow yourselves to be caught? I shall save you from death and have nests made for you so that you may bring forth your young and multiply as God commanded." And Francis made nests for all the birds which he had saved, and the doves laid their eggs and brought up their broods under the eyes of the brothers.

Once, one of the brothers brought Francis a little lame hare which they had rescued from a trap. "Come to me, brother hare", said Francis, and, when the little creature loped towards him, he picked it up and caressed it, but when he put it on the ground, so that it might run away, it returned again and again and would not take its freedom until Francis had carried it all the way to a neighbouring forest.

As time passed, Francis gathered more and more friars round him, and he made rules for them to obey when he was with them and when he was away. Because of these rules his brotherhood was called the Franciscan Order.

One day, when the sun was shining brightly, Francis took up his begging-bowl and told some of his friars to go with him on a journey. "Where are you going?" asked the people whom they met by the way. "We are going to Rome," said Francis, "that we may ask the Pope to read our rules and bless our Order."

The story of this visit to the Pope may or may not be true. We do not know, but people say that when the Pope saw the shabby, grey-brown robe which Francis was wearing, his dirty hands and dusty naked feet, his shaggy hair and beard, and the begging-bowl which he carried, he was very much astonished. He read the rules and he thought that they were almost too difficult for any man to obey. "Brother," said he, smiling at the barefooted, untidy man who stood so humbly before him, "go to the pigs, for you are more like them than a man. Read them your rules."

And Francis went out into the fields. He saw the pigs wallowing in the mud and he sat amongst them and read them his rules. Then he went back to the Pope and said, "Father, I have done as you have commanded. I pray you, grant me now your blessing". The Pope was amazed at the gentle, humble way his words had been obeyed. He gave the Franciscan Order his blessing, and the friars went away full of joy.

Francis now began to think that he ought to help other countries besides Italy, for he knew that everywhere he would find the sick and poor. So he divided his brothers into little companies and sent them far and wide to carry their message of healing and love into different parts of the world.

The brothers set out bravely. Sometimes people treated them unkindly and mocked them because they were bare-footed and poor, but gradually they made friends and, little by little, men came to them and said, "Let us be brothers too". And so it happened that in many different lands there were groups of Franciscan friars, all following the rules which Francis had made for them, all tending the sick and caring for the poor. At first they lived in little huts, but after a while people who loved them began to give them land, and they built themselves monasteries where they could live and churches where they could worship. And as the years passed the churches and the monasteries increased.

But Francis stayed in Italy. Year after year he and the brothers who were with him wandered about doing good and preaching the word of God, until Francis began to grow old and blind. Day by day the brothers watched him growing weaker, until at last his strength failed. He gave them his

last sweet smile, and murmuring, "Welcome, Sister Death", he died. With the tears falling from their eyes, the brothers knelt by his bed and prayed. "Amen", whispered one, and as he did so the air was filled with sweet music. It was as though soft bells were ringing and heavenly voices were singing. The brothers stole to the door and looked out. On the roof of the hut, in the trees and bushes, on the rocks and among the reeds were birds of all kinds, piping, singing, and twittering. These "little brothers" whom St Francis had loved were praising God, although their old friend could no longer tell them to do so.

Many years later, people remembered how good and loving Francis had been, and they called him a saint.

REMEMBER

1. St Francis was born in 1182 and died in 1226.
2. In 1224, during the reign of Henry III, nine of his friars came for the first time to England. They were called Franciscans or Greyfriars.

EXERCISES

1. Who were the Franciscans? Explain the word "friar".
2. Tell the story of Giles the ploughboy.
3. How many stories do you know about St Francis?

COMPOSITION

Describe the visit of St Francis to the Pope.

VI

A ROYAL SAINT

IT was St Mark's Day, April 25, 1215. The air was heavy with the sound of muffled bells, and the slow wailing chant of many voices, for on that day it was the custom in France for processions of monks to wind their way through the streets, lamenting the sins of the people. The cross in every market-place and the altars of all the churches were veiled in black and, although the spring sun was shining with a pale yellow light, the world seemed a gloomy place.

The mournful sounds slid through the narrow windows of a tower room in the castle at Poissy, where the lady Blanche lay in bed with a newborn baby in her arms. She wanted to sleep but the muffled bell of the castle boomed in her ears and she lay, wide-eyed. The doctor had ordered the bell to be stopped, but Blanche could not bear to think that the call to God's service should be silenced for her sake, and so it continued to ring, and the first hours of the baby's life were spent in a dim room echoing with the sound of bells and murmured prayers.

The child was named Louis, after his father. He had an elder brother, called Philip, and, as



ST LOUIS AT PRAYER

~~St Louis at Prayer~~
Official prayer

time passed, other sons were born, so that the royal nursery rang with the sound of laughter or echoed with the notes of simple hymns, sung in clear, childish trebles.

The first important event in Louis' life was the death of his elder brother, the friend with whom he had loved to play at ball in the courtyard. The next episode happened five years later. His grandfather died, his own father became King of France, and Louis, a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy of eight, was heir to the throne. On the day of the coronation, the royal nursery was full of small, excited boys in their best clothes and on their best behaviour, waiting to take part in the procession. It was a very different day from that on which little Louis had been born. The roads were strewn with flowers, and windows hung with gay tapestries, and all the citizens came out to meet their king and load him with presents, and probably little Louis thought that it must be fun to be a king and wished that he could wear a crown and receive so many gifts.

It was sad that his wish should come true so soon. Three years later his father died and, at the age of eleven, the prince became Louis IX, King of France. His coronation was not so magnificent as that of his father, but Louis cared little for this. He had grown older and more thoughtful, and

it was the ceremony before the coronation that meant the most to him. That evening he kept a vigil, all night long, before the altar of the great, dim cathedral, for the next morning he was to be knighted.

Every detail of that ceremony had its meaning and nothing was lost upon the thoughtful little king. When he took the oath he remembered that he must be cleansed from sin. When the squires pulled the snow-white shirt over his head, he knew that he must keep his body pure. The crimson robe reminded him that he must give his life's blood in God's service, the two golden spurs betokened obedience, the long trunk hose of brown told of the brown earth where he would lie when he died, and the white coif on his head was the sign of a stainless soul. All this he remembered while he was being robed, and his heart was very full when he received the naked sword and he heard the words, "Receive this blade, in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, and use it in defence of yourself and the Holy Church".

The next day, with these words ringing in his ears, Louis was crowned. The bare-footed archbishop met him at the altar, heard him promise to be faithful, merciful and just, set in his right hand the royal sceptre, in his left a little rod topped by an ivory hand to represent mercy and justice,

and put the crown upon his head. When baron and knight had paid him homage, Louis left the cathedral and in the cold November twilight journeyed to Paris through an avenue of flickering torches.

He was, of course, too young to manage the affairs of state by himself, so his mother ruled for him, and many a troubled day she spent, making the kingdom safe for her son, against whom the jealous barons were rebelling. Louis probably knew how cleverly she managed his affairs and how sternly she punished his enemies, but he could not have given much attention to government for he was busy in the schoolroom. Queen Blanche had always brought him up kindly, yet strictly, and, now that he was king, she redoubled her severity and engaged for him a tutor, who agreed with Solomon that to spare the rod was to spoil the child. Louis was whipped for the smallest fault, and even when he was good he was soundly beaten every day to prevent him from being naughty. He must have had a very sweet nature for he seems to have borne no one any malice for this severity, and every year he grew more gentle and charming. Stories of his childhood show how kind he was to his servants, how he loved to give money to the poor, and how once he gravely taught a little page to sing one of the Virgin's hymns instead of whistling a worldly tune.

When he was twenty, Louis married a young princess called Margaret, and great were the rejoicings in France. The bride was fourteen years of age, and, when she rode into the city in a golden dress embroidered with ermine, Louis must have remembered his father's coronation, for every bell was pealing and all the streets were strewn with flowers.

Louis was now old enough to govern by himself. Like his mother, he had trouble with his great barons, who were helped by Henry III of England, but he was able to subdue them, and, in later years, he made peace with Henry, too, and this was a boon to his country, for England had long been quarrelling with France.

When his land was at peace, and the tiresome barons were willing to obey him, Louis turned his thoughts in other directions. All his life he had heard of the Holy Land. As a child he had longed to deliver the sepulchre of Christ from the Moham-medans, into whose hands it had fallen. His mother had told him of the Crusades, when Christian knights risked their lives to fight for Jerusalem, and ever since he had knelt, on his coronation eve, and had received the naked sword "to use in defence of the Holy Church" he, too, had longed to go on a crusade. At the age of thirty-four he gained his heart's desire. Dressed

as a pilgrim, with a staff in his hand, Louis set out for the Holy Land.

Followed by hundreds of Crusaders, he passed from town to town until he reached Marseilles. Thirty-eight vessels were waiting to take him. An old knight, the Sieur de Joinville, who accompanied him, tells us in his diary what happened. "When we were all aboard," he says, "the port was caulked and stopped up.... Shortly after, the captain of the ship called out to the mariners, 'Is your work done? Are we ready?' They replied, 'Yes in truth we are'. When the priests and clerks embarked, the captain made them mount to his castle of the ship and chant psalms in praise of God that He might be pleased to grant us a prosperous voyage. They all, with a loud voice, sang the beautiful hymn 'Come, Creator of the Spirit', from the beginning to the end, and, while they were singing, the mariners set their sails in the name of God. Instantly a breeze of wind filled our sails, and soon made us lose sight of the land so that we only saw sea and sky."

Louis' hopes were high. He longed to deliver the Holy Sepulchre, but disappointment awaited him. He landed safely in Egypt, won a glorious victory, but delayed too long, and was shortly afterwards terribly defeated by the Mohammedans, who took him prisoner. We are told that he

was always so gentle and truthful that even his enemies would come to his tent and kiss his feet, but they would not release him until he had paid a very heavy ransom, and many a week passed before Louis could set out for the Holy Land.

He spent four difficult years away from home, repairing the Crusaders' castles, visiting holy places and fighting against the Mohammedans, but he never reached Jerusalem, and at last sad tidings from France sent him home in sorrow. Blanche, his mother, had died and he knew that he ought to return to his kingdom. Old Joinville tells us that "this information caused him much grief and he was two days in his chamber without suffering anyone to see him. On the third day he sent one of his valets to seek me, and, on my presenting myself, he stretched out his arms and said, 'Ah, Seneschal, I have lost my mother'".

When he had returned, Louis found that he had much to do, and, although he was delicate and wasted by the fevers which had attacked him in the East, he worked, prayed and fasted as though he were the strongest man in the kingdom. Above all things, he loved justice. If he noticed any unfairness at court he was greatly troubled and tried earnestly to bring order, mercy and justice into his kingdom. If the nobles were cruel or the officials unjust, Louis encouraged the people to

come to him. De Joinville says: "Many a time it happened that in summer he would go and sit in front of Vincennes after mass, lean against an oak, and bid us sit around him. Then those who had business to transact came to speak to him without hindrance....I have often seen him come into the Paris gardens in a camlet coat with an overcoat of woollen stuff without sleeves, a cloak of black taffetas fastened round his neck, neatly combed, having no cap but merely a hat with white peacock's feathers on his head. He had carpets spread out for us to sit upon, and all those who had business for him to settle stood around him...".

While he was governing so wisely and well, Louis did not forget Jerusalem. He was determined to set out on another crusade. "But", says de Joinville, "those who advised him to start committed a great sin, considering the extreme weakness of his body, for he could bear neither the motion of a vehicle, neither that of a horse.... Weak as he was, if he had only remained in France, he might have lived and done many good works."

But the king would not listen to his old friend, de Joinville. He left France for Tunis and here, after a time of great difficulty, he fell very ill. Those who stood round his death-bed heard him whisper, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem". He

made a sign and they stooped to catch the murmur, "I will enter into Thy house and I will worship in Thy holy temple", and then, as he had ordered before his illness, they lifted him on to a bed of cinders, covered with a sack in the form of a cross, for this was the custom of the monks whom he loved and whose humility he wished to imitate.

And so, Louis, the King of France, died with a prayer on his lips. Those who stood round him wrapped the body in a silk cloth and bore it over the sea to France, and there, with all the pomp and mourning befitting a king, they laid his remains among his ancestors. The story of his gentleness and goodness was on every tongue, and from the day of his death people began to look upon him as a saint.

REMEMBER

St Louis was born in 1215 and died in 1270. He lived while Henry III (1216-72) was reigning in England.

EXERCISES

1. Describe King Louis' coronation.
2. What is a Crusade? Tell all that you know of the Crusade on which King Louis went.
3. What do you know of Louis IX's education?

COMPOSITION

Write any story that you can remember of Louis IX's childhood.



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VII

THE PAGE WHO BECAME A POET

NEARLY six hundred years ago a boy called Geoffrey Chaucer was living with his parents in a tavern not far from London Bridge.

In our eyes the house would have seemed rather uncomfortable, for the walls were thin and the floors uneven, and, instead of sitting on a chair when he was at meals, Chaucer had a stool without a back. There was no glass in the windows, but wooden shutters were closed at night, and in the day-time, when the weather was rainy or windy, Chaucer's mother covered the opening with a piece of oiled linen or scraped horn.

The boy cared little for rain or wind. He loved to look out of the window and watch the passers-by. Soldiers, sailors and craftsmen came along Thames Street. Bare-footed friars shuffled over the cobbles telling their beads, market-women in broad-brimmed hats over white wimples carried fowls and baskets of eggs, and gay young squires in bright coats with long hanging sleeves had much ado to control their prancing horses. Chaucer never tired of standing at the window, gazing at the crowd, or running to answer a knock at the door. Many people came to his father's house, for



CHAUCER AT COURT

in those days very few towns had a supply of pure water, so people drank wine more regularly than they do to-day. Chaucer's father was a vintner or wine merchant, who carried on a prosperous trade, and many a time his house was full of foreign merchants who had come from Spain, Gascony or the Rhine to tell of some good wine. Often, too, the stewards of some noble family or great monastery called on the Chaucers to give their orders for the year.

In this way, while he was still very young, little Geoffrey came in touch with many different kinds of people. He noticed all their amusing tricks, their good or bad manners, their ways of speaking, their gentleness or unkindness. His quick eyes and ears and his thoughtful nature taught him many things about the men whom he met, and little by little he began to understand people and to become a good judge of character.

Watching people who came and went taught the boy many things, but he also learned from books. In those days, books were much rarer and more precious than they are to-day, for they were made by hand. To-day our great printing-presses are worked by machinery and hundreds of books can be made in a very short time. But when Geoffrey Chaucer was a child printing-presses had not been invented. Book-lovers copied the volumes

which they wanted for themselves and, all over the country, monks sat in their cells copying precious manuscripts. Sometimes they painted the capital letters in scarlet or gold and made a border, with little pictures in it, round the edge of their parchment. Then they bound the loose leaves in a vellum or leather cover and kept the finished book in their library, or sold it to someone who loved to read. Chaucer may have been taught his lessons by a monk or he may have gone to a school, where he learned much by heart or by listening to his master, for books were too valuable for every boy to have his own. If he went to school he must have tumbled out of his truckle bed early in the morning and run through the dark streets in order to be in time, as most schools opened at six o'clock and nobody dared to be late for fear of the birch rod.

When school was over Chaucer played in the fields with his comrades, for boys of his time were as fond of football and marbles as they are to-day. He even played at Prisoners' Base or pulled his woollen hood over his face and enjoyed a good game of Hoodman Blind, chasing his friends and pummelling them when they were caught.

Life passed very pleasantly, but childhood cannot last for ever and, when Chaucer was seventeen years old, he had to think of more serious things

than looking out of windows and playing games, and so he became page in the service of a noble lady. Dressed in a short cloak and scarlet breeches, Chaucer waited on his mistress at table, sang to her when she was sad, read to her when she was tired and played chess when she could not go hunting in the woods. This lady had married the king's son, and, because Chaucer was her page, he moved from place to place with the king's court and met many noble lords and ladies. Like the little boy, who looked out of the window at his father's tavern and gazed at the people, the young page stood at his mistress's side and watched the courtiers. Sometimes he liked them and sometimes he laughed at them but he always kept a picture of them stored in his memory. One above all, he loved. This was John of Gaunt, who became his best friend.

Now that he was grown up, life became much more exciting and at the age of nineteen Chaucer became a soldier in the king's army. Once again he had an opportunity of meeting strangers. But this time he had a new experience. He was fighting against the French. During a battle he was captured and remained a prisoner until the king paid a ransom for his release. Chaucer was clever at writing verses and telling stories so King Edward may have noticed him on many occasions. In any

case, he seems to have valued the young man's service for he paid sixteen pounds to buy Chaucer's freedom, and that is worth nearly three hundred pounds in the money of to-day.

Soon after his release, Chaucer married a lady of the court, whose name was Philippa. She was one of the queen's ladies-in-waiting and she was able to help her husband to a better position than that of page or soldier and, after a while, he became one of the king's attendants. We are told that among his duties were "piping, harping, singing and helping to occupy the court". No doubt his gift of story-telling made him a general favourite, and perhaps about this time Chaucer began to do what very few others had ever thought of doing. He began to sing his songs and tell his stories in English. In those days French was spoken in court and castle. Latin was the language of the church and books were written in Latin or French. But Chaucer loved the language spoken by the simpler people and he spent all his spare time stringing words into rhyme and making songs which the poorest and most uneducated person could understand.

The king grew very fond of the clever young man and several times sent him abroad to arrange important pieces of business. On one of these journeys Chaucer went to Italy where he

met a famous writer, Boccaccio. Boccaccio's mind was a treasure-house of stories and he gave Chaucer many good ideas which he afterwards used in his own poems.

As time passed Chaucer obtained more important work. The king paid him a pension and he was given a post in the Port of London, where he had to keep an account of all the payments made for wool, hides and skins which were sent abroad. The work was not very interesting as it meant writing long lists and columns of figures, but Chaucer had plenty of amusement as he had to watch all the vessels which sailed out of the port and talk to the ship masters and merchants.

He now had a house above one of the city gates and every evening, when his work was finished, he closed the shutters and sat writing by candle-light. This verse which he wrote one evening tells of somebody very much like himself:

For when thy labour done all is
And thou hast made thy reckonings,
Thou goest home to thy house anon,
And all so dumb as any stone
Thou sittest at another book,
Till fully dazed is thy look.

When his poem was finished he gave it to his clerk to copy, but his writing was not easy to read and once the clerk made so many mistakes that

Chaucer scolded him: "Adam, mayest thou be plagued with scurvy in thy hair, unless, when thou copiest out my *Troilus and Criseyde* again, thou makest less mistakes. For now I must continually scratch and scrape, and all is through thy stupid ignorance and vice".

Chaucer worked hard but he must have had leisure too, for one year, when the birds were singing and April showers had made the ground green and pleasant, he set out with a great company of people to the tomb of St Thomas of Canterbury. A visit to a holy place was called a pilgrimage, and Chaucer rode with the pilgrims. They were a merry company and Chaucer, who still loved watching and listening to people, enjoyed his ride. When he returned he wrote a poem, describing the Canterbury pilgrims and putting into their mouths many of the old stories which he had heard from Boccaccio. He called his poem the *Canterbury Tales*, and to-day we still read and enjoy it because it tells us so much about the people of Chaucer's day, and shows us that they were not very different from ourselves.

Although he spent many hours writing, Chaucer never finished his *Canterbury Tales*. At first he was busy for he was chosen to sit in Parliament. Later, times changed and he fell upon evil days. His wife died, he lost his well-paid work, and, be-

cause there was trouble in England, his old friend John of Gaunt went abroad, and there was no one left to speak well of Chaucer to the new king. For a while he was friendless and unhappy. He left his house over the city gate and went to live in Greenwich. New work was found for him and he still had a pension, but even then he had great difficulty in making two ends meet, and once he was so poor that he wrote a *Complaint to his Purse* and sent it to the king.

The last years of his life were not very happy but, although when he died he had very little worldly wealth, he left behind him great treasures which have lasted to this day. We can still read his poems and his stories, and, because he was the first great poet to write in the English language, Geoffrey Chaucer has been called the Father of English Literature.



REMEMBER

1. Chaucer was born in the reign of Edward III and died in 1400 when Henry IV was King of England.
2. When he was a prisoner in France he had been fighting in the Hundred Years' War.
3. His most famous poems are the *Canterbury Tales* and the *Romaunt of the Rose*.

EXERCISES

1. How was it that Chaucer knew so much about so many different kinds of people?
2. What is a pilgrimage? Can you describe a famous one?

COMPOSITION

Write an essay called "Chaucer at the Window".



Chaucer

*Chaucer
Judge
in
the court
of
law*

VIII

THE MAID OF FRANCE

ONCE upon a time, more than five hundred years ago, there lived a little French girl whose name was Joan of Arc. Her home was in the village of Domrémy, where her father had a small farm.

Joan did not learn to read or to write. She spent her time sewing and spinning, or watching her father's sheep as they nibbled grass in the meadows. She was a quiet little girl but, like all the children in the village, she sometimes wanted to play, and then she sat with her friends plaiting garlands of flowers to deck the branches of an old tree near the woods. The children called this "The Ladies' Tree", and they thought that every night the fairies danced round it and played with the flowers. They had never seen any fairies, but they believed in them. They believed in witches too, and thought them so wicked that they ought to be put to death.

As Joan grew older, she had not so much time for games, and she became quieter and more thoughtful. She would steal away to the village church or say her prayers alone in the woods, and the prayers which Joan said were nearly always for her native land.

These were unhappy days for France. The young



JOAN OF ARC

king had not been crowned; a stranger was ruling in Paris. Enemies were pouring into the country and, little by little, winning more and more land. The enemies came across the sea from England, and every day Joan prayed that God would save France from the English, who had been fighting against her country for nearly a hundred years.

One morning in August, when Joan was about thirteen years old, she heard the villagers talking in grave distress. The French had been defeated in a great battle, and the poor people thought that before very long the English soldiers would drive them out of their farms and cottages.

When she heard this Joan was very unhappy. She left her sheep in the field and went alone to the woods. For a long time she knelt there very quietly. Suddenly she seemed to hear a voice speaking to her. "Joan!" it said, so softly that it might have been a leaf falling upon moss, "Joan! Be a good girl, and God will show you how to help the King of France."

Joan was puzzled but not afraid. The voice was too sweet and gentle to frighten her. She listened, but she heard nothing more, so she wandered back to her sheep. When the shadows were lengthening and the sun setting in a pink sky, she took up her crook and, calling her flock, walked home through the village. The church bells were ringing and, as

the chimes died away, Joan heard the same sweet voice calling her, and still it said, "God will show you how to help the King of France".

Joan told no one about her adventure, but from that day she spent more time in the little church of Domrémy, and, although she was always kind to the children, they noticed that she liked to be alone and that she slipped away to the woods whenever she could.

As time passed, Joan began to hear more voices than one. They spoke to her when the church bells chimed and when she was alone. They called her when she was keeping her father's sheep and when she was picking flowers in the wood. The voices made her happy, and she whispered to herself, "They come from God and the blessed saints".

Three years passed, and Joan wondered when God would show her how to help the King of France. The English soldiers were winning more battles, and at last they reached the beautiful city of Orleans and began to besiege it. The peasants of Domrémy wrung their hands. They were in despair. When they saw Joan driving her sheep along the road they said, "Soon we shall have no sheep to drive". But Joan only smiled when she heard them. She felt no fear. She knew that her voices would bring her some message of comfort.

That evening when she came home her eyes were shining and her mind was busy with many plans. Her voices had told her to go to the village ten miles from Domrémy and tell the French captain to take her to the young King of France. "God will help you to raise the siege of Orleans", said the voices; "God will help you to crown the King."

Wearing an old red woollen dress, which was patched and darned, and with wooden shoes on her feet, Joan left Domrémy and trudged to the village of Vaucouleurs.

At first the Captain of Vaucouleurs took no notice of the young village girl. But the peasants and the soldiers listened to her, and when she told them of the voices which she had heard in the woods they believed that God had sent her to help them, and they persuaded the captain to let her go to the young king.

Full of hope, Joan set out on her journey. She had cut off her hair and was dressed like a boy in a tunic, leather breeches, and high laced boots. On her head was a little black cap, around her shoulders a cape.

For eleven days she rode with two soldiers to guard her, until at last she came to a great rock which towered three hundred feet above an old grey city. On the rock was a castle, and in the

castle Charles, the uncrowned King of France, held his court.

When Joan came into the big hall, Charles was walking among the courtiers and their ladies just like any ordinary gentleman of the court. Nobody helped the poor little peasant girl to find him, but she scarcely paused. For one minute she looked around the room, and then she walked straight up to Charles and knelt on one knee. She gave her message very simply, but it was difficult for Charles to believe that a village girl could drive away his enemies.

“Send me to Orleans,” Joan implored, “and with God’s help I will raise the siege.” Day after day she begged him to grant her wish, and at last, when the days had passed into weeks, he sent her to Orleans with his soldiers.

Then Joan, the young peasant who used to pray in the woods, rode at the head of an army. They made her a suit of white armour and mounted her on a white charger. They gave her a fine old sword and a banner fringed with silk and embroidered with lilies. When she passed through the villages the people ran out and tried to kiss her feet. “An angel has come to help us!” they cried.

Joan knew that she was not an angel, but she believed that the angels were helping her, and this gave her courage. At Orleans she was so strong and

brave that the soldiers took heart and forgot their fear whenever they saw her white silk banner.

“Follow the Maid! The Maid of France will save us!” they cried, and their arrows flew swiftly through the air, until the English were driven back and Orleans was saved.

Then the soldiers and the towns-people shouted, “Long live the Maid!” As she rode through the city the women lifted their children up to the windows to see her pass. “Look, children,” they said, “it is the Maid who was sent by God!”

But the English were angry and afraid. They looked at one another with frowning faces and said, “A witch is fighting for the French”. They wanted to catch Joan and kill her, for in those days when people thought that a woman was a witch they treated her with great cruelty, sometimes burning her alive in the market-place.

Joan paid no heed to what was being said, and went on fighting for her own people. The French soldiers adored her and followed her everywhere. They fought so bravely at her side that she won many a victory, and before long she had driven the English so far away that she was able to take the young king to Rheims, and he was crowned in the cathedral where his father, his grandfather, and nearly all the kings of France had been crowned before him.

It was a wonderful sight. The roads were crowded with peasants and towns-people in their best clothes. Soldiers guarded the doors of the cathedral. Joan in her gleaming armour stood beside Charles, and behind knelt all the ladies and gentlemen of the court in scarlet, purple, and gold, in crimson silk and green velvet. Jewels glittered, swords and spurs shone. The sounds of music passed through the open doors and were carried by the wind to the ears of the waiting crowd.

When the crown was placed on Charles' head there was a great noise of trumpets, and the people outside knew that at last their young lord had been crowned and was indeed King of France.

Joan left the cathedral with her heart full of joy, but her happiness did not last long. She wanted to win more victories for France, but Charles was afraid to follow her advice. When she went to battle without him, he did not send her enough help, and one day, while she was bravely fighting, she was surrounded by her enemies and taken prisoner.

Sitting alone behind locked doors, Joan thought of Charles. She said to herself, "He will soon come to my help. He will send some money for my ransom, and then I can go home". She looked through the window across the green fields dotted with her enemies' tents, and she thought of the

voices which had spoken to her in the woods of Domrémy. She was full of peace and patience.

For many days she waited, but Charles was ungrateful. He forgot all the help which Joan had given him. He never sent money for her ransom, and he allowed the English to carry her away to Rouen and shut her up in a dungeon, with chains on her ankles, and with no women to look after her, but five rough soldiers, who teased and tormented her. Charles did not even try to save her when she was taken before the judges, who said she was not a Christian woman but a witch, who must be burned in the market-place.

So this poor village girl, who had never done anything but good, was led out of prison to a great pile of faggots and tied to a stake. As the flames crept higher and higher, Joan begged for a cross and an English soldier made one from two sticks and gave it to her. This was probably the only kindness which she had ever received from an Englishman. She died holding the cross and whispering "Jesus".

As the flames shot up and hid her from view, an English soldier turned away and murmured, "God help us, for we have burned a good and holy woman!"

REMEMBER

1. The Hundred Years' War (1337-1453) took place while the following kings were reigning in England: Edward III, Richard II, Henry IV, Henry V, and Henry VI.

2. Joan of Arc was burned in 1431, when Henry VI was King of England. To-day she is called St Joan.

3. St Joan's Day is May 30.

EXERCISES

1. Where is Domrémy? Why is it famous?

2. What do you know of Charles VII of France?

3. During what wars did Joan of Arc fight, and how did she die?

COMPOSITION

Write the story of Joan of Arc and her voices.

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IX

THE FIRST VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD

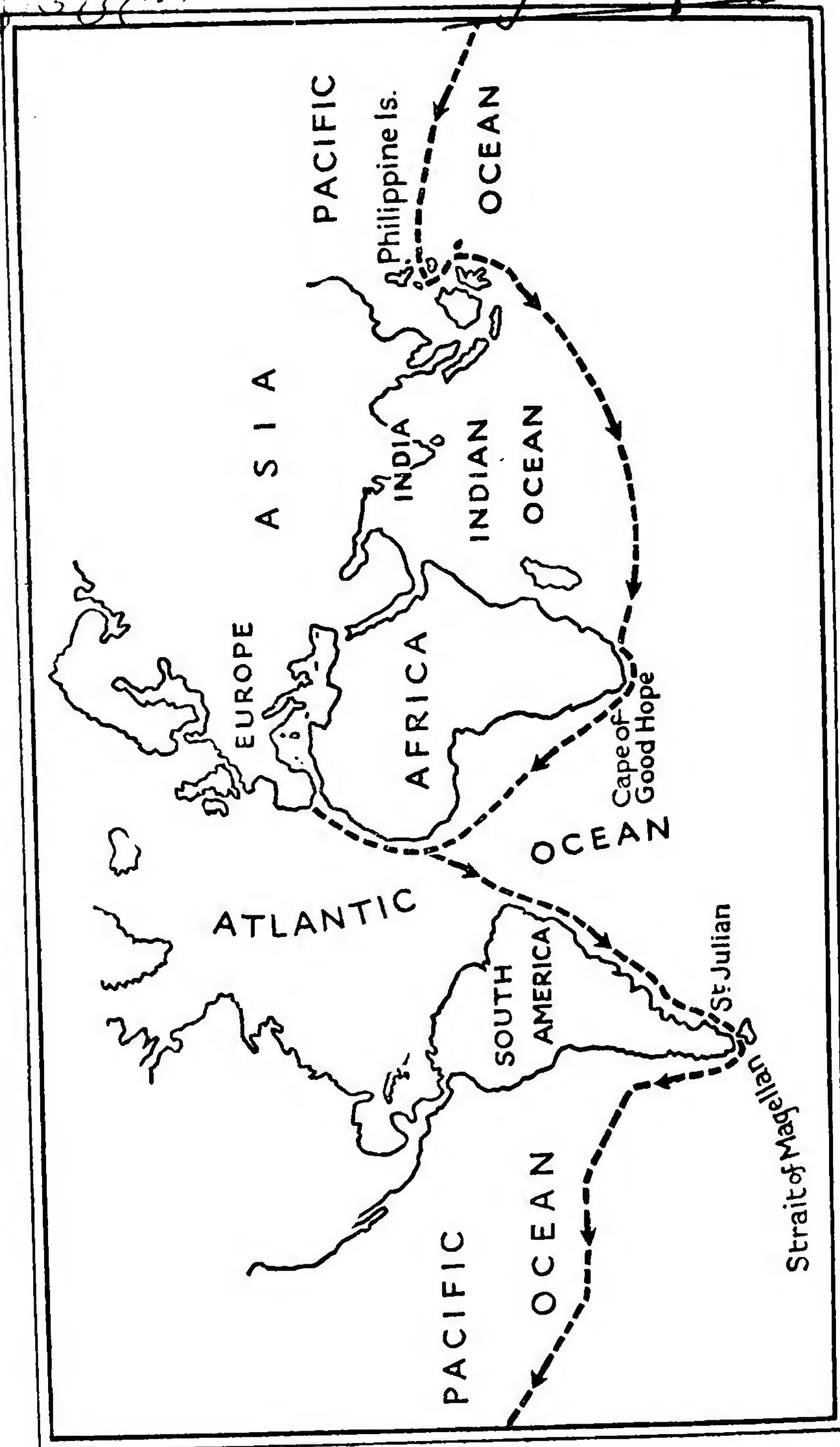
MANY years ago, there was a little boy called Ferdinand Magellan, who lived at the court of Portugal. He was the queen's page, and because he loved tales of daring and adventure he spent many a happy day hearing the gentlemen of the court talking about the Portuguese sailors, who were the bravest explorers in the world. In those days nobody knew how to reach India by sea, and the Portuguese were trying to find the way.

One day, when Magellan was eight years old, he had a great surprise. He saw the king and queen smiling with joy and the courtiers talking in excited groups. Somebody whispered to him, "One of our captains, called Bartholomew Diaz, has sailed to the end of Africa and has found a great sea on the other side. We think this sea will lead to India".

Although Magellan was only a little boy, he was just as pleased and excited as everybody else, and of course he wanted to know the story of this great adventure. With parted lips and bright eyes he listened while somebody told him how Diaz had sailed and sailed all along the coast of Africa

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Raj Kapoor



MAGELLAN'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD

until he had come to a cape, where the winds and the waves had been so rough that he and all his men had been nearly drowned. At last he had managed to sail round this stormy headland, and to the east, as far as his eyes could reach, lay a wide calm sea.

“What was the name of that cape?” asked Magellan. He never forgot the answer. “Diaz called it the Cape of Storms, but the king has called it the Cape of Good Hope, for now we may hope that a Portuguese ship will soon reach India.”

A long time passed before this hope was fulfilled, for the king died, and his successor, who was busy with other matters, could not pay so much attention to his sailors nor spend so much money on fitting up his ships. Magellan used to think, “Perhaps someone else will get to India before we do!” This troubled him, because he was proud of his own country and he wanted the Portuguese sailors to have the greatest glory. For this reason he could not help being sad when a messenger brought a piece of news from Spain. Although he was thirteen at the time, tears were very near to Magellan’s eyes when he heard that a man called Christopher Columbus had sailed in some Spanish ships to the west, across the Atlantic Ocean, and had reached some islands off the coast of India. At first everyone believed this astonishing news.

They had no idea that Columbus had found, not India, but some islands near the great unknown continent which we now call America. Poor Magellan was very much disappointed, but he said to himself, "We must not despair. The Spaniards have sailed to the west and have reached India before the Portuguese. But they do not know *our* way. We must go on sailing round Africa, across that unknown water which lies to the east. And then, if the world is really round, as wise men say, perhaps we too shall come to India".

Magellan went on thinking about this, and at last, when he was a tall lad of seventeen who wore a dagger and served the king, he heard the news for which he had been longing year after year. A great Portuguese explorer, called Vasco da Gama, had sailed all along the coast of Africa, rounding the Cape of Good Hope, had crossed the unknown eastern sea, and had really come to India.

Of course, Magellan went to the feasts which were held in the explorer's honour. How proud he was of being a Portuguese! He too longed to make great discoveries and bring glory to his country like Diaz and Vasco da Gama, and so he never rested until, at last, the king sent him to India.

Magellan knew what the King of Portugal wanted. He wanted to buy the silks and muslins,

the glittering jewels and fragrant spices of the East, so as to sell them to the nations of Europe and make the little land of Portugal rich and famous. Magellan was anxious to serve the king, so he showed the Portuguese merchants where to buy the best silks and jewels. If the people of India were unfriendly, he fought against them and built forts in their country. And he did what he had always longed to do, he took a little ship and sailed among the islands, exploring.

For ten years he wandered where the pepper trees and the sweet-smelling spices grew, until the day came when he quarrelled with his master, the King of Portugal. Then Magellan forgot how much he had loved his native land, and, feeling very bitter and angry, he left his old home and went to live in Spain.

Thirteen years had passed since he was a little boy, hearing for the first time about Christopher Columbus. He knew now that Columbus had not found India but a new country, and he began to think about that new country and to study the maps which people had been making. He thought very long and earnestly, and all the while he was making a plan.

“This time”, said he, “I am going to do something for Spain. The world is round, and so, just as there was a sea on the eastern side of Africa

which led to India, perhaps there is another sea on the western side of America, and that, too, will lead to India. If I sail west, like Columbus, I shall come to America, and then, if I can only find a hidden passage to the sea on the other side, I shall reach India, sail over the Indian Ocean which Vasco da Gama crossed, and pass round the Cape of Good Hope and up the coast of Africa until I come back to Spain.”

The more he thought of this, the more he wanted to try. It would mean that he had sailed all round the world. If he went in a Spanish ship, he would bring great glory to Spain. He forgot how jealous he had once been of the Spaniards and he told the King of Spain all about his wonderful idea. The king was pleased. He gave Magellan ships and sailors, and, when all the preparations had been made, the little fleet sailed gaily across the Atlantic Ocean to the coast of South America.

It was here that Magellan and his men had an adventure. They were camping at a spot which they named Port St Julian, waiting for fine weather, and, just as they were beginning to think that only birds and beasts lived in that part of the world, they saw a strange man dancing. His thin hair was painted white and he had yellow circles round his eyes. He was dressed in skins and carried a bow and arrows. He was very friendly with the

Spaniards, who thought that he was some sort of giant because he was so tall. He looked at all their things with great interest and they made him very happy with some bells and a comb, but when he saw his face in a mirror he was so frightened that he fell over backwards and knocked down four sailors. When he had recovered from his fear he sent for more of his friends and relations to see Magellan. The Spaniards named them the Patagonians, which means the "big-footed ones". To-day we still call the people who live there the Patagonians.

Unfortunately the Spaniards tried to steal one of the Patagonians and keep him on their ship. This caused a terrible fight, and Magellan had to leave the country in a hurry.

After this he was determined to try to find the hidden passage of water which he knew would lead him to the great sea on the other side of America. Farther and farther he sailed, still seeking. His men began to despair, and then, one morning in October, he saw a cape. He thought very little about this and sent two of his ships to explore. When he saw them coming back, firing their guns and waving their flags, he went to meet them, full of excitement. "Sir, Sir!" cried the sailors, "this is the hidden passage", and Magellan knelt down on the deck to thank God.

Because that little passage was discovered by Magellan's fleet, we call it the Strait of Magellan.

Joyfully the ships sailed along the narrow way, until at last they passed round another cape and came into the open sea. They had reached the ocean which was on the other side of America. A calm blue sea stretched before them. It was so still that Magellan called it the Pacific, or peaceful, Ocean.

At first Magellan was happy on this beautiful water but, little by little, he grew troubled. There was no wind and sometimes the ships were becalmed. Provisions grew scarce and the men fell ill. As far as the eye could see lay a sheet of blue water and no land where they could buy food.

For ninety-eight days Magellan sailed, growing paler, thinner, and more miserable, until one evening a fair wind filled the sails and brought him to some islands.

Magellan called them the Ladrones, which means the "Thieves' Islands", because the natives were for ever stealing. But he was glad to have reached them, for here he could rest and buy rice and mend his ships.

Little by little, he and his men grew stronger, and after a while they started again, sailing in and out of the Philippine Islands, making friends with the people who lived there and buying food from

them in exchange for red caps and looking-glasses. Sometimes they visited the kings and queens and sometimes they baptised the natives, hoping that they would become Christians.

Their adventures were so many and so interesting that they would fill a big book. It was among the Philippine Islands that Magellan himself had his last adventure. He had promised to help one of the native kings to fight against an enemy. During the battle he fell wounded. As he cried to the Spaniards, "Go back! go back to the ships!" they saw the natives fall upon him and kill him.

Running for their lives, the Spaniards obeyed his last order. But they could not all escape. Many were left to the mercy of their enemies, and the others were obliged to sail without them.

In and out among the Spice Islands, which Magellan had once explored, past India, from the Indian Ocean to the Cape of Good Hope, they sailed, buffeted by wind and waves and almost dying of starvation.

Five ships had started with Magellan, but only one returned to Spain. Nearly three hundred men had left with the brave leader, but only thirty-one came home. They were sick and weary, scarcely able to walk as they toiled up the long white road to the little church above the harbour. Their

trembling hands held lighted candles, but there was a brighter light in their hearts. A Spanish ship had found the hidden passage between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. A Spanish ship had sailed all round the world.

REMEMBER

1. Diaz sailed round the Cape of Good Hope in 1487.
2. Columbus discovered the West Indies in 1492.
3. Vasco da Gama reached India by sailing round Africa, in 1498.
4. The first voyage round the world, 1519-21.
5. Ferdinand Magellan was sailing round the world while Henry VIII was reigning in England.

EXERCISES

1. What do you know of (a) Diaz, (b) Columbus, (c) Vasco da Gama?
2. Where are the Straits of Magellan? Tell how they were discovered.

COMPOSITION

Describe Magellan's adventures with the Patagonians.

X

THE MINER'S SON

HANS and Margaret Luther were poor hard-working Germans who lived in Saxony. Every morning, with his pick-axe on his shoulder, Hans went down into the mines to earn bread for his family while Margaret stayed at home in the squalid little cottage, looking after the children and always wondering whether there would be enough food to fill each hungry mouth.

The hungriest and most talkative mouth belonged to her small son Martin. He was a clever child with a square face and thick-set limbs, and both parents were proud of him and longed to give him greater opportunities than they had enjoyed when they were children. They taught him his prayers, answered his questions and gave him their own little store of wisdom, but they did not spoil him. Indeed, they punished any naughtiness or disobedience so harshly and were so strict that Martin was almost afraid of them. "Once", he wrote in later years, "my father thrashed me so soundly that I ran away, and he had great trouble to win me again, . . . and my mother once beat me till the blood flowed because I stole a wretched little nut." At the village school, his faults were

punished just as severely, and he was birched so often for making mistakes in his Latin that he called the monitor in charge of the rod "Lupus", which means a wolf.

Lupus, his strict parents and his own active brain kept Martin hard at work, and by the time that he was thirteen he had learned all that the village school could teach him, and so his father sent him away from home. With a bundle of clothes under his arm and a few pence in his purse, the boy trudged off to Magdeburg where some monks kept a school. Here he lived for a whole year, reading all the books which he could find and learning his Latin as busily as he had done when Lupus was watching him. Although he loved his work Martin Luther sometimes felt sleepy and cross as he pored over his books. Then, because he was too hungry to learn, he would tighten his belt and wander out into the streets, singing or begging for bread sometimes by himself and sometimes with his school-fellows. The citizens of Magdeburg were good to the hungry little scholars, giving them coins or cups of broth, for they knew that the monks could not afford to feed the boys.

The year in Magdeburg passed quickly and Luther's father soon moved him to another school in the little town of Eisenach. Here, too, he had to beg for bread but one night, like Tommy Tucker,

he sang so lustily for his supper that a kind lady, who admired his voice, took him into her own house and looked after him until he was old enough to leave school.

Meanwhile the family fortunes had improved. Young Luther's father had a better house and more money. The neighbours had learned to respect the hard-working miner, and, because they had proved him to be both wise and good, they had given him an important position in the town. Hans and Margaret were now very happy because they knew that they would be able to send their clever young son to the university, and so, when the boy had grown from a sturdy talkative child to a thin thoughtful young man, they sent him to Erfurt to study law.

Luther spent some happy years with his fellow-students. His teachers and his friends were proud of his knowledge and did their best to help him in every difficulty, but although Luther joined in all the fun he was often sad. Many things troubled him and sometimes he felt as though he had a heavy load upon his mind. He knew that he had faults and he did not know how to cure them. He longed to do what was right and to please his parents by working hard, and yet he could not make up his mind whether the life which he was leading would help him to serve God.

For a long time he struggled with these difficulties, and then, one night, when he was going home over the hills, a storm burst. The sky was overshadowed by great black clouds. Rain fell till the water rushed in torrents down the mountain-side. Lightning flashed and the rumbling thunder seemed so near that Luther fell on his knees in terror. He remembered tales which had frightened him in his childhood, stories of demons and trolls, who lived in the hills and only came out when they were angry. Although he was old enough to know that these were fairy-tales, he was terrified of the noise. He called upon the saints to help him, and he promised that, if his life were spared, he would go into a monastery where he would fast and pray, shut away from the gay amusements of the town.

Little by little the storm ceased, and when the last muttering of the thunder had died away Luther strode down the hill thinking of his future. When he reached home and told his parents what he was going to do, they were angry and miserable. "I gave up much for you," said his father, remembering the little boy of whom he had been so proud, "and you are going to waste your life." But Luther would not listen. "I am going to serve God", he said, and nothing would make him change his mind. When the day came for him to

leave home, he feasted his friends with music and good cheer and then went alone to the monastery.

“What do you want?” asked the prior as the young man fell at his feet.

“God’s mercy and yours”, said Martin Luther, and was received into the monastery.

For three years Luther stayed with the monks, but he did not find peace. He began to feel that the priests and the monks made religion very hard to understand although Jesus Christ had taught such simple lessons. Then he thought of St Paul who had said, “the just shall live by faith”, and, as he turned the matter over and over in his mind, he began to believe that a simple faith in Christ and God was the religion which would make men good. It seemed to him that people were not being taught to worship God in the best way and he longed to make religion something pure and simple.

His life in the monastery was a disappointment to Luther. He did not think that it was helping him to become a better man, and all around him he saw much that he thought was wrong. After a while he gave up the idea of becoming a monk and, because he was clever and had read many books, he was made professor at the new university of Wittenberg. He taught the students about the Bible, gave lectures and preached sermons. People

began to talk about him and say, "That young man has new ideas". Some thought that he was wrong but others said, "No, he is right. The people who teach us about God are not teaching as Jesus used to do".

While Martin Luther was thinking of these things a certain friar called Tetzel came to Germany to collect money for the pope, who was building a new church in Rome. In order to collect the money Tetzel sold pardons for sins, which were called "indulgences". Luther and his friends thought that Tetzel was doing a very wicked thing, because he was not teaching people to fight and conquer their faults but was making it easy for them to do wrong. "Sensible people should meet and talk about this", said Luther, so he sat down and made a list of his ideas about indulgences and the teaching of religion. Then he went out with a hammer and the astonished people saw him nailing his list to the door of the church. One by one, men and women came up to look at it. Some of them could not read but their neighbours told them what Luther had written and soon great crowds flocked to the church door. Luther found he had written what many people had thought but dared not say. Before long, everyone in Germany was talking about him and his ideas spread through Europe.

When Luther found that so many people were anxious to listen to him, he began to talk and to write more often, and everyone who heard him went home and thought about what he had said. He preached sermons saying that men were brothers, and that rank, money or position could not make one better than another. He pointed out that the priests who should have shown a good example were often as bad and selfish as other people. One day, he did something which caused a storm to burst over Europe. He said that he did not agree with many of the Pope's teachings and that the German people ought to have a Church of their own, which was not managed by the Pope, who had always been the leader of the Christian world.

When people heard what Luther had said, they began to talk and quarrel among themselves. Many people agreed with him as they do to-day, but others thought him wrong as they still do. A spirit of unrest passed through the country and matters began to look so ugly that the emperor, who was holding a parliament, called a Diet, at Worms, sent for Luther and told him that he must take back his words against the Pope and the Church. Luther went alone to the Diet of Worms. Clever men questioned him and argued but Luther believed what he had said and would not deny his



LUTHER BEFORE THE DIET OF WORMS

own faith. "Here I stand," he said, "I can do no other. God help me. Amen."

When he left the Diet, it was dangerous for Luther to go home alone, for the emperor made a proclamation ordering people to seize and burn his books, to refuse him food and shelter, and to take him to prison if they should meet him. But Luther's friends carried him away and hid him in a castle, where he stayed until the emperor was too busy with his own affairs to think about hunting for him.

In this castle Luther read, studied and wrote books. He translated the Bible into German so that his fellow-countrymen could read it, and eagerly listened to the news of his own friends who shared his ideas and were doing their best to follow in his footsteps.

When it was safe for Luther to leave the castle, he returned to Wittenberg where he married. His life in the outside world was full of trouble but at home he had a happy peaceful time. His wife was wise and loving, and his little children were fond of their father. Perhaps Luther remembered the little Martin of long ago, who was whipped and scolded at home and at school, for he was very kind to his own children and loved to see them happy. This is a letter which he once wrote to his little boy Hans, who was four years old:

June 19, 1530

Grace and peace in Christ be with you, my dear little son! I am glad that you do your lessons and say your prayers. Continue to do so my child and when I come home I will bring you something pretty from the Great Fair.

I know a lovely garden full of children dressed in gold. They gather rosy apples from under the trees and pick pears and cherries, purple and yellow plums. They sing and leap and are happy all day long. They have pretty little ponies with golden reins and silver saddles. I asked the Owner of the garden who the children were. He answered, "They are the good children who say their prayers and learn their lessons". So I said, "Dear Sir, I too have a son, little Hans Luther: may not he come into the garden and eat the sweet fruit and ride upon those pretty ponies and play with the other children?" "If he says his prayers and is good," said the man, "he may come: and he may bring his little friends Lippus and Jost, too. They shall have whistles and drums and all sorts of musical toys and they may dance and shoot with the cross-bows." He showed me a lovely lawn, ready for dancing. Whistles and flutes and fine silver cross-bows were hanging there. But it was early and the children had not finished having breakfast. I could not wait to see them dancing, so I said to the man, "Dear Sir, I must hurry away and write about this to my little Hans and tell him to say his prayers and be good so that he may come into the garden. But he has an Auntie Lena; he will want to bring her, too". Then the man said, "Of course he may bring her. Write and tell him". So, sonny, do your lessons and say your prayers and tell

Lippus and Jost to do the same, then you may all come into the garden together. God bless you. Give Auntie Lena a kiss from me.

Your loving father,

MARTIN LUTHER

While his children were growing up Luther spent his time educating them, preaching, writing and helping the people of Saxony to organise a Church of their own. His followers were called Lutherans, but later they were given the name of "Protestants", because they protested when they were forbidden to hold their own church services.

The religious troubles in which Luther played so big a part continued for many years, but the miner's son, who had wanted to reform the Church, died long before peace was restored. He brought misery and war to his own country and to others, but he was a brave man, who dared to say and do what he thought was right in the face of death, and to-day, even though many people do not agree with him, they may still admire his courage.

REMEMBER

1. Martin Luther was born in 1483 when Richard III was reigning in England. He died in 1546 when Henry VIII was on the English throne.

2. He came before the Diet of Worms in 1521.
3. The list which he nailed on the church door at Wittenberg was known as "the Ninety-five Theses".

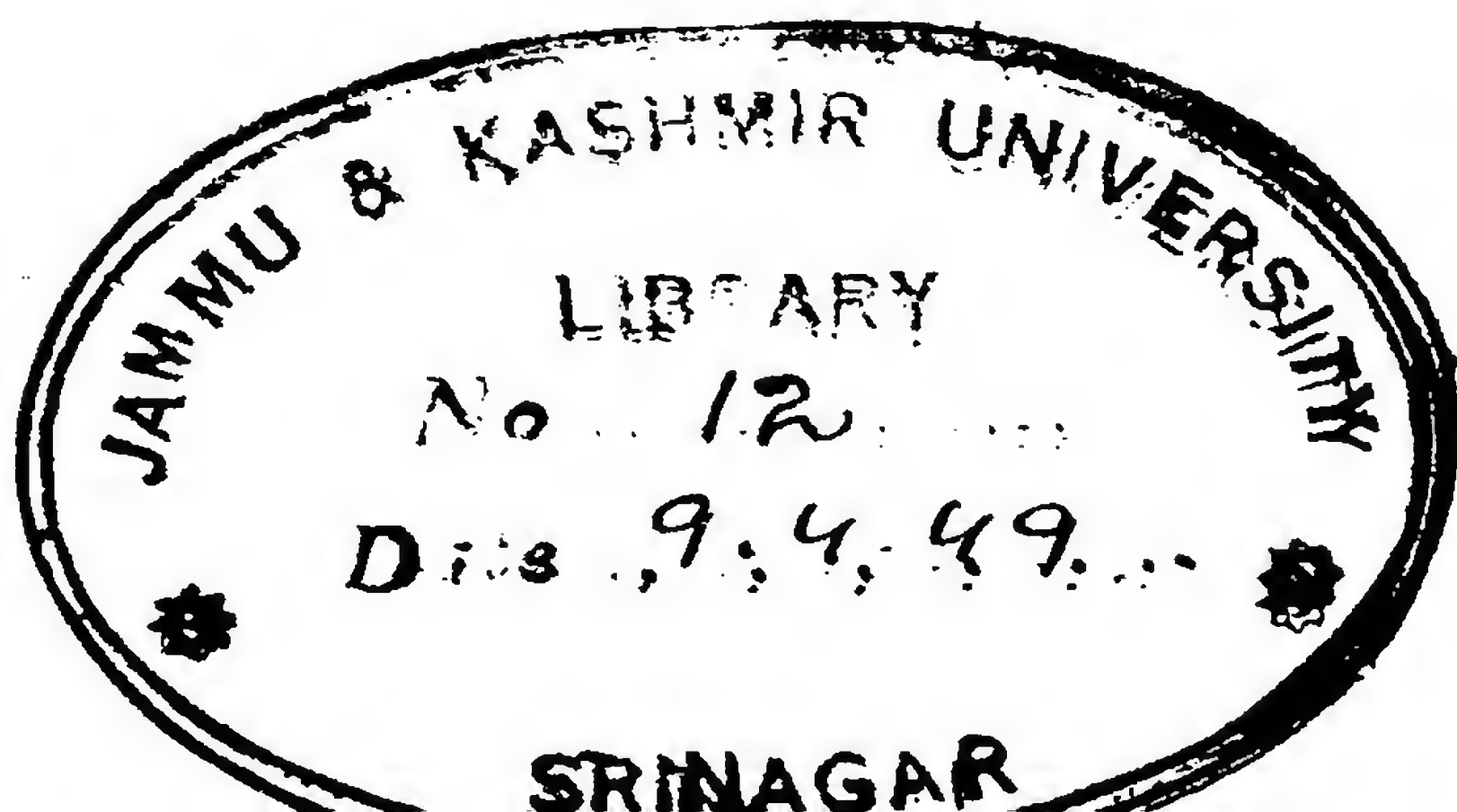
EXERCISES

1. What is meant by (a) the Ninety-five Theses, (b) Indulgences?
2. Make a drawing of Martin Luther nailing his Theses to the church door.
3. Explain (a) Protestant, (b) Diet, (c) Heretic.

COMPOSITION

Compare Martin Luther's childhood with your own.

*Compare Luther's childhood
with your own*



XI

“BUT IT *DOES* MOVE”

THERE was once an Italian boy called Galileo Galilei, who liked to sit by himself in a corner and make toys which could be worked by wheels and pulleys.

His father was a clever man who enjoyed making experiments, but he was sorry that his little boy showed such an interest in mechanical toys. “The child will be a mathematician when he grows up,” sighed he, “and there’s no money in that. I want him to be a merchant.”

To be a merchant meant that Galileo must have a good education, so his father sent him to an excellent school where he worked hard for several years. As the boy’s reports were so good old Galilei decided that he would probably never be satisfied with buying and selling, and so he sent him to the university, hoping that he would become a doctor.

One day, when the young student was eighteen years of age, he happened to pass the cathedral and went in to say a prayer. It was beginning to grow dark, and, as he rose from his knees, a man came in with a taper and lit a lamp which was suspended from the roof by a chain. He left it

swinging to and fro and passed along with a glance of curiosity at the young student whose eyes were fixed with intense interest on the lamp.

Backwards and forwards swung the lamp, casting strange moving shadows on the walls. At first the swing was quite a long one, but as it began to die the distance was shorter. Galileo stared. It seemed to him that the lamp was taking the same length of time to swing a short as a long distance. He swung it again, determined to make sure. But he had no watch with which to test it, and so he put his fingers on his pulse and counted the beats. He was right. When the lamp was nearly still it took as long to do its little swing as it had taken to do its big one.

Galileo had made a discovery. He had found that the length of time it takes a weight on a string to swing does not depend on the distance it swings, but on the length of its chain or cord. This was Galileo's first discovery and because of it people have been able to make cuckoo clocks and grandfather clocks, both of which depend upon this strange behaviour of the pendulum.

Soon after this Galileo made friends with an old teacher of mathematics. The subject fascinated him so much that he gave all his spare time to it. His father scolded him and warned him that he would never grow rich. But it was all of no use.



Residence Ball

4/1

THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA

At the age of twenty-six, the young man became a professor of mathematics, and, instead of making the handsome salary of a doctor, he earned hardly anything.

Galileo now read a great many books but he did not believe what they said until he had proved it by trying for himself. One day he found that a heavy weight and a light one would both fall to the ground at the same moment. When no one would believe him, he said, “Very well, I’ll prove it. Meet me in the square by the leaning tower”.

Eager young students, grey-bearded professors and all sorts of people from the town came to the square, shrugging their shoulders and saying, “What nonsense. Well, well, it will do him good to make a fool of himself”.

Galileo only smiled. He climbed the stairs of the famous leaning tower and stood, looking down at the crowd. On the edge of the tower he placed two cannon balls. One weighed a hundred pounds and the other one pound.

“Pooh!” said the people, “the heavy one will fall a hundred times quicker than the light one.” And they laughed. Just at that moment Galileo pushed the balls over the edge.

They struck the ground at the same moment. The old books, which the professors had believed without trying to prove, were quite wrong.

Meanwhile, Galileo had been thinking deeply. In his day most people believed that the earth was the middle of the universe with the sun moving round it. Galileo could not believe this. He had read about an old monk called Copernicus, who had lived many years earlier. Copernicus had watched the stars and planets and had seen that they were in different parts of the sky at different times. He came to the conclusion that the sun was the centre of all this movement and not the earth. “The rising and setting of the sun is not the movement of the sun,” said he, “*it is due to the spinning of the earth*. The earth is a planet like Jupiter or Venus. It spins like a top for *day and night*, and at the same time it makes *the year* by slowly circling round the sun.”

“Don’t listen to that rubbish!” said the people. “The earth a planet, indeed! Why, it’s dark. It doesn’t shine. Just think of the solid earth with us and our houses and the trees and the hills and the seas spinning round and round like a top, and at the same time careering round the sun. What an idea! Ha, ha.” And they continued to laugh for years at the ridiculous notion. But Galileo did not laugh. He thought that Copernicus was right and he wished that he could examine the planets and find out more about them. “If only they were nearer!” he sighed.

While he was thinking about Copernicus and his ideas, Galileo began to make experiments with spectacle glasses. He had heard that a Dutch boy had been playing about in his master's workshop and had discovered that if he looked through two sorts of spectacle glasses at the same time, holding each at a different distance from his eye, he saw the church spire ever so much nearer and upside down. A general had made use of this discovery for finding out the movements of the enemy. “I'll make use of it”, thought Galileo, “to find out the movements of the planets. It will bring them nearer and may help me to prove that Copernicus was right.”

He set to work but none of his experiments were of any use until, one day, he picked up a bit of old organ pipe and, pushing a bulgy spectacle glass into one end and a hollow one into the other, he looked through it. For a minute he said nothing, then his face was lit up with a wonderful smile. His queer new instrument had made things look three times nearer and not upside down. Galileo had made the first telescope.

News of his wonderful invention flew all round Italy. Everyone wanted to look through Galileo's spy-glass and he became the hero of the hour.

His life was now more interesting than ever. He improved his instrument, making it stronger, and

began to explore the sky. He gazed at the Milky Way and found that this strange brightness was made by numbers of stars. He gazed at the moon and found that it was a world with mountains, valleys, craters, seas and plains like his own country. This had never been known before, and now Galileo could *see* it. He found that the earth shone like the moon and that what people called “the old moon in the new moon’s arms” was really earth-shine. “Rubbish”, said the people who did not like new ideas. But “Copernicus was right,” said Galileo, “the earth is a planet”.

One night in January, he made a marvellous discovery about the planet Jupiter. He found that, just as the earth has *one* moon, Jupiter had several. Yet, strange to say, there were still people who would not believe him even when they saw the moons through the telescope. Of course Galileo only laughed at them. He had many friends and he thought that there was no need to bother himself with folk who did not want to believe their own eyes. And so, for many years, he continued to make new discoveries, and to teach people about Copernicus. “The earth”, said he, “moves round the sun”, and explained all the good reasons which he had for believing this.

Unfortunately poor Galileo was living at a time when it was not always wise or safe to teach what

other men did not believe. And now, when so many people were listening to Galileo, his enemies were alarmed and angry. "He teaches things which are not in the Bible", said some. "He is against the Church of Rome", said others. "He believes things which the Church does not teach. All these ideas are wicked. The learned churchmen say that the earth does not move round the sun."

Messages were sent to Rome saying that this man and his telescope were doing harm, and so hot and angry were the arguments that, at last, the Pope asked Galileo to come and explain his ideas. Away went Galileo, telescope and all. He was kindly received, and at first he thought his visit had been successful, but before long the trouble began again.

As time passed Galileo's life became more and more difficult. He was growing old and weak and he knew that the people, who did not want to believe the new points of view, were working against him. In spite of this he wrote a clever book about the ideas of Copernicus and numbers of people read it with eagerness.

When this book appeared, the old man was once again summoned to Rome. He was accused of heresy, that is to say, of preaching something which was against the teaching of the Church. In vain did his friends plead that he was seventy

years old and ill, that the roads were bad and that there was a quarantine on account of the plague. It was of no use, Galileo was obliged to go to Rome and face the judges.

He was brought before a body of great churchmen, known as the *Inquisition*. They did not put him in prison but they questioned and threatened him until he was almost ill with weariness. They told him that he was to deny all that he had been teaching, that he must say the sun and planets went round the earth, which was the centre of the universe.

For a long while Galileo would not give in for he knew that his ideas were right, but, at last, he could resist no longer. “I am in your hands,” said he, “I will say what you wish.”

In the presence of his judges he was made to kneel, clothed in the robe of a penitent, and to swear that what Copernicus had believed was untrue.

Legend tells us that, when he had sworn that the centre of the universe was the earth which could not move, he rose from his knees whispering, “But it *does* move, all the same!”

Utterly broken and disgraced, knowing that his enemies would rejoice at his downfall, Galileo went home.

He continued to make experiments and to use

his telescope, but life had still to deal him one more blow. He wrote of it, some time later, in a letter to a friend. “Henceforth this heaven, this universe, which I had enlarged a hundred and a thousand times...is shrunk from me into the narrow space which I myself fill in it.”

Galileo had become blind.

When he died, no one was allowed to put up a monument to his name, but we, who live more than three hundred years later, cannot forget him.

REMEMBER

1. Galileo was born in Italy in 1564 while Queen Elizabeth was reigning in England. He died in 1642 when Charles I was on the English throne.

2. Copernicus was born ninety-one years before Galileo.

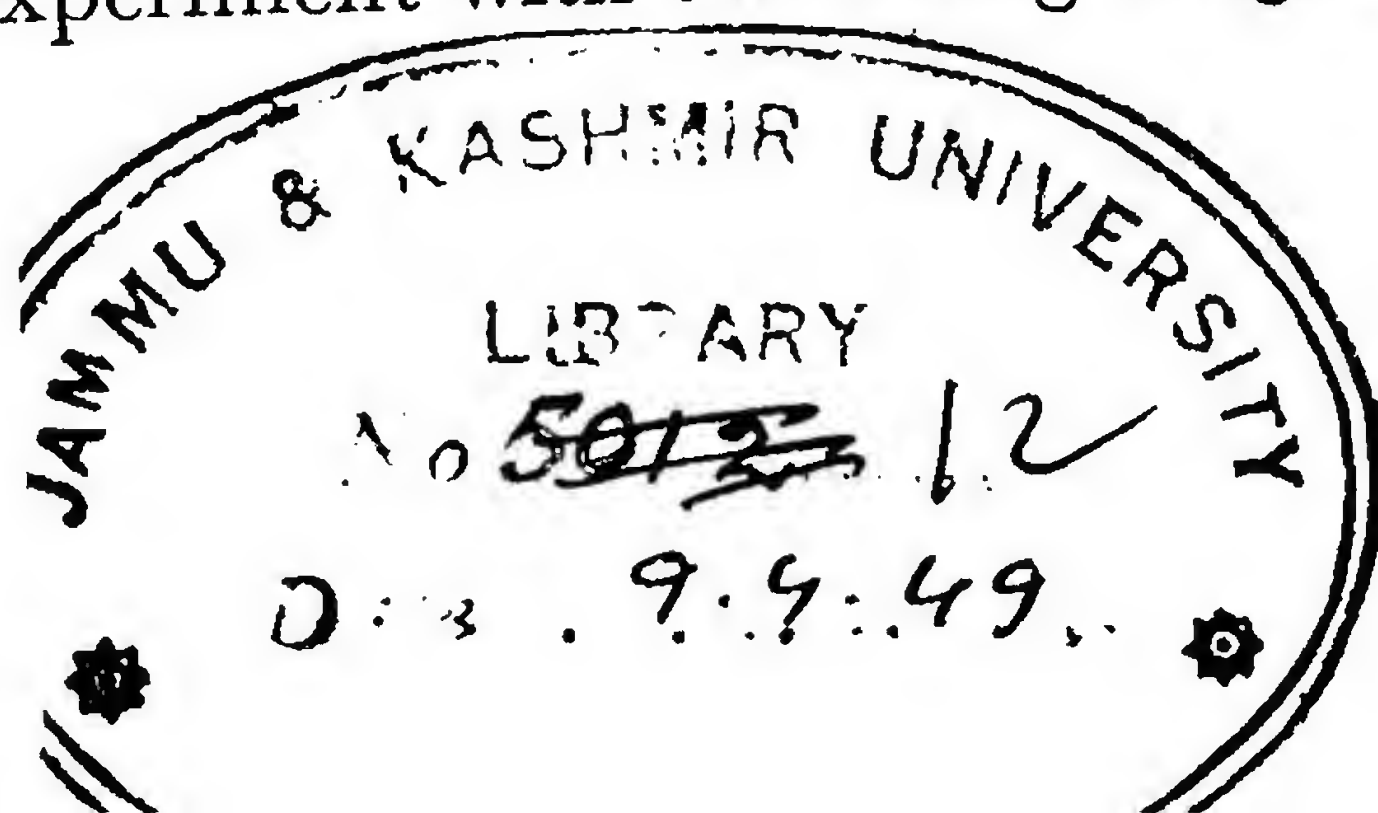
EXERCISES

1. For what discoveries is Galileo famous?
2. Make a pendulum and try the experiment which Galileo made with the swinging lamp.
3. What do you know about Copernicus?

COMPOSITION

Write from the standpoint of an eye-witness an account of Galileo's experiment with the falling weights.


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